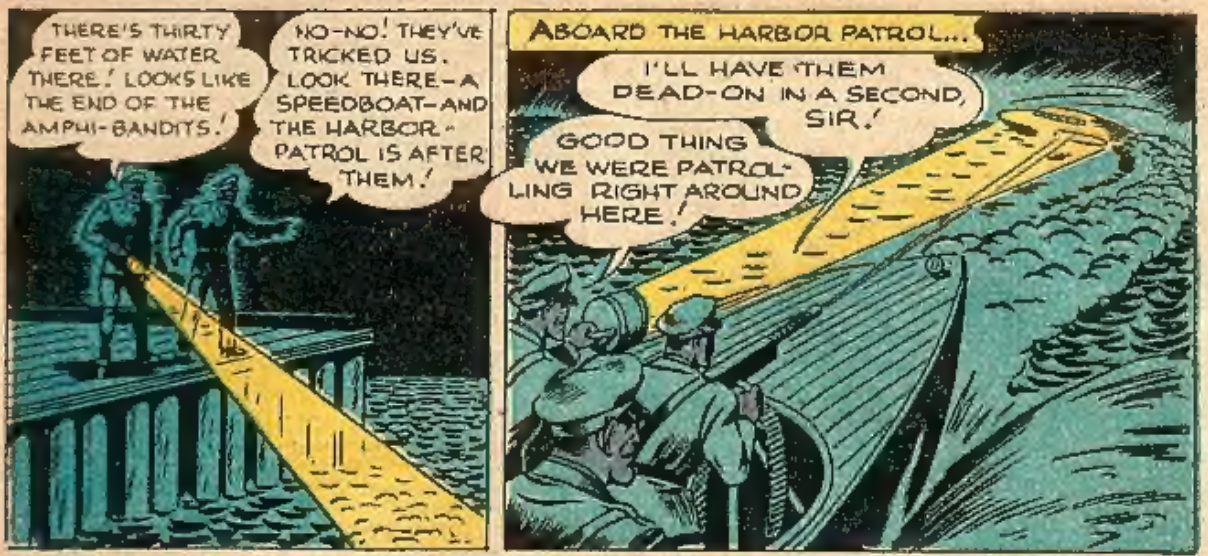
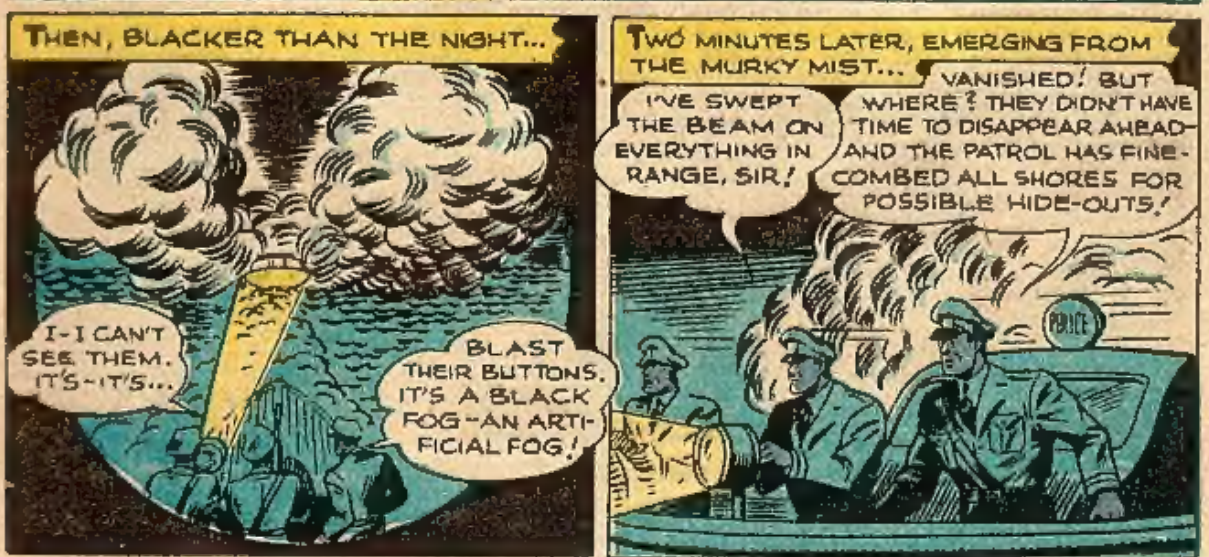
No. 90
MAGAZINE
ACTION
COMICS
RIP

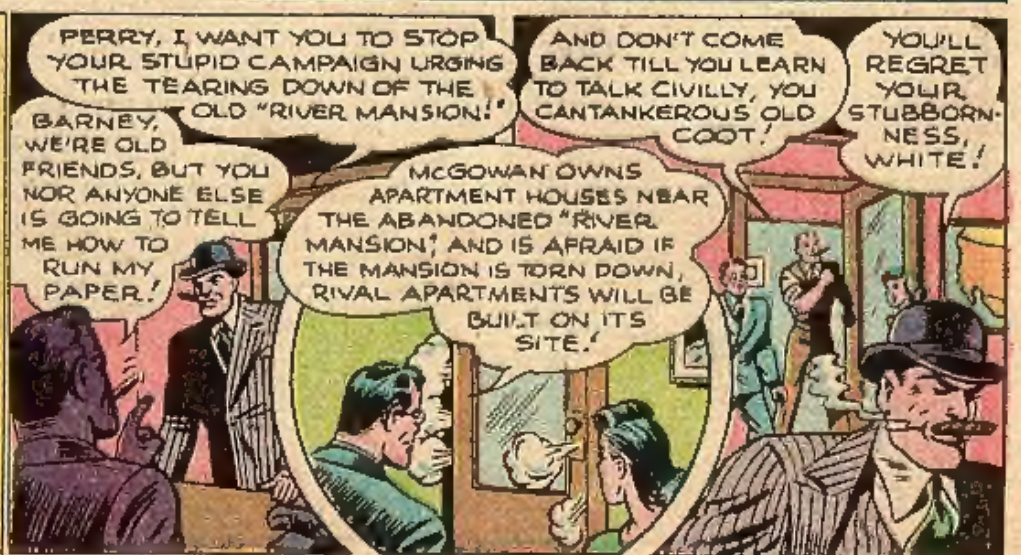
SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
DAILY PLANET
EQUALLY AT HOME ON LAND AND WATER ARE THE CRIMINALS CALLED THE AMPHI-BANDITS! WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THEIR GETAWAY METHODS? WHERE CAN THEIR HIDEOUT BE? THESE AND OTHER VITAL QUESTIONS MUST BE ANSWERED BY SUPERMAN BEFORE THE CRUSHING POWER OF THE INDOMITABLE MAN OF TOMORROW CAN DESTROY FOREVER A... "Rookery for River Rats!"

IN THE NEWS-ROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET...
ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, THE AMPHI-BANDITS STEAL A CAR FOR EACH JOB, HIT LIKE LIGHTNING, GET TO A SPEEDBOAT, AND ELUDE ALL HARBOR-PATROL TRAPS!
JUST WAIT, CLARK! SUPERMAN WILL GET IRKED WITH THEM—THEN, GOOD-BYE AMPHI-BANDITS!
DAILY PLANET
AMPHI-BANDITS STRIKE AGAIN
THAT VERY NIGHT...
BOOM
SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION IN THE TRADERS TRUST! IF IT'S THOSE AMPHI-BANDITS—
IS IT THE AMPHI-BANDITS?
I THINK SO!
POLICE
IN THE BANDIT CAR...
KEEP THE COPPERS JUST OUT OF SIGHT IN A ZIG-ZAG COURSE, AUGIE. WHEN WE REACH THE PIER, SLOW DOWN, AND WE ALL JUMP!
I GET IT, RIKKER—I'LL YANK THE THROTTLE OPEN WHEN WE JUMP!
GET A RIPPLE ON! THEY'RE COMING!
LOOK! WE MUST HAVE GOT THE DRIVER!
2


THERE'S THIRTY FEET OF WATER THERE! LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE AMPHI-BANDITS!
NO-NO! THEY'VE TRICKED US. LOOK THERE—A SPEEDBOAT—AND THE HARBOR PATROL IS AFTER THEM!
ABOARD THE HARBOR PATROL...
I'LL HAVE THEM DEAD-ON IN A SECOND, SIR!
GOOD THING WE WERE PATROLLING RIGHT AROUND HERE!

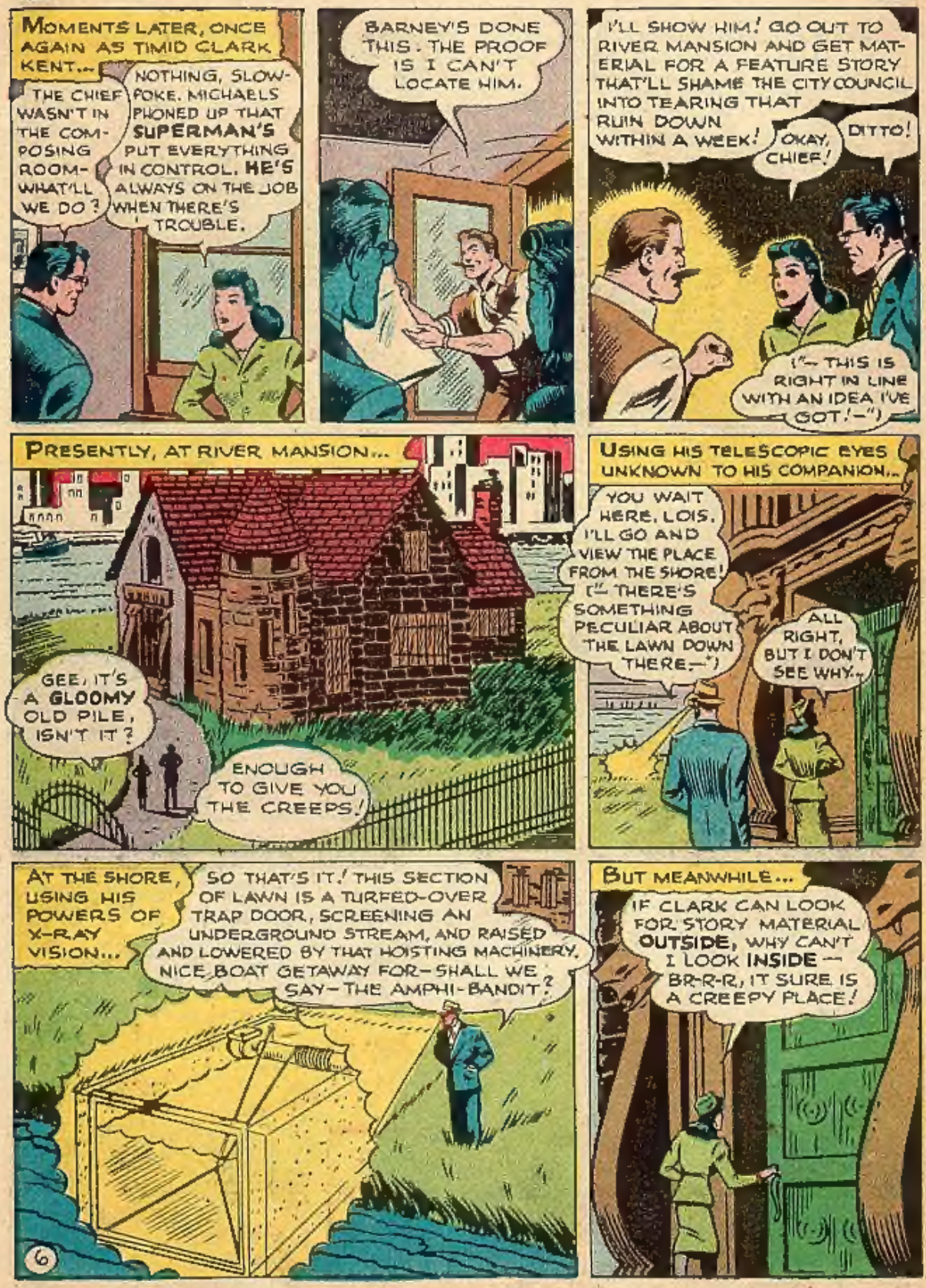

THEN, BLACKER THAN THE NIGHT...
I-I CAN'T SEE THEM. IT'S-IT'S...
BLAST THEIR BUTTONS. IT'S A BLACK FOG—AN ARTIFICIAL FOG!
TWO MINUTES LATER, EMERGING FROM THE MURKY MIST...
I'VE SWEPT THE BEAM ON EVERYTHING IN RANGE, SIR!
VANISHED! BUT WHERE? THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DISAPPEAR AHEAD—AND THE PATROL HAS FINE-COMBED ALL SHORES FOR POSSIBLE HIDE-OUTS!
POLICE

NEXT MORNING, EDITOR PERRY WHITE IS PONDERING THE MYSTERY OF THE AMPHI-BANDITS WHEN HE RECEIVES AN ANGRY VISITOR.


PERRY, I WANT YOU TO STOP YOUR STUPID CAMPAIGN URGING THE TEARING DOWN OF THE OLD "RIVER MANSION!"
BARNEY, WE'RE OLD FRIENDS, BUT YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE IS GOING TO TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY PAPER!
McGOWAN OWNS APARTMENT HOUSES NEAR THE ABANDONED "RIVER MANSION," AND IS AFRAID IF THE MANSION IS TORN DOWN, RIVAL APARTMENTS WILL BE BUILT ON ITS SITE!
AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU LEARN TO TALK CIVILLY, YOU CANTANKEROUS OLD COOT!
YOU'LL REGRET YOUR STUBBORNNESS, WHITE!

SOME HOURS LATER, WHEN THE STREET EDITION OF THE DAILY PLANET ROLLS OFF THE PRESSES...
MY, THE CHIEF CERTAINLY WROTE A HOT EDITORIAL THIS TIME! HE— WHY— WHY, THE PRINT! IT'S FADING!
CLARK! IT'S BLANK! OH!
I'LL—ER—TELL THE CHIEF!
A DESERTED HALLWAY, AND IN THE WINK OF AN EYE...
I'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST. THAT SHEET WAS A TEST RUN. I'VE GOT TO STOP THE PRESSES AND GATHER UP WHAT'S ON THE STREET.
SOMEBODY TAMPERED WITH THE INK. IF THE PUBLIC SEES THAT BLANK STREET EDITION WHEN IT FADES, WE'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE TOWN!
WITH AN AWESOME DISPLAY OF STRENGTH, SUPERMAN SEIZES THE DEADLY SWIFT BELT...
WHAT?!?
SUPERMAN! HEY! THAT BELT—IT'LL TAKE HOURS TO GET IT BACK ON!
SORRY—NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. THIS PRESS HAS TO STAY STOPPED FOR AWHILE.
4
THEN, HURTLING THROUGH THE STREETS WITH INVISIBLE VELOCITY...
THERE'S TIME YET—THE DELIVERIES JUST HIT THE STANDS!
WHAT?!? S-SOMETHIN' TOOK THE DAILY PLANETS!
?!?
THE PAPERS! TH-THEY JUST L-LEFT

CYCLONIC SECONDS LATER—SUPERMAN HAS CLEARED METROPOLIS OF ALL DAILY PLANETS, SAVE THOSE IN A REMAINING TRUCK...
I'LL HAVE TO DO A QUICK JOB ON THAT SUBURBAN CIRCULATION TRUCK AND GET BACK TO THE PAPER!
DAILY PLANET
SUPERMAN! W-WE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!
I BELIEVE YOU, BOYS. THIS IS JUST A LITTLE EMERGENCY MEASURE FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR PAPER!
THERE WE ARE, BOYS! LAST STOP!
G-GOSH!
WASTE PAPER SALVAGE DEPT.
THEN—BACK TO THE PLANET PRESS ROOM.
WE'LL NEVER GET THAT BELT BACK ON... HUH?!?
HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE BELT? I'LL HELP YOU!
SIXTY FEET OF THREE FOOT BELT, SLIPPED ON LIKE IT WAS A COB-WEB!—UNBELIEV-ABLE!
"—I CAN TRUST MICHAELS THE FOREMAN—HE'S AN OLD HAND—") THERE, THAT'S DONE. NOW I WANT TO TALK TO THE FOREMAN!
I'M THE FOREMAN, SUPERMAN!
AS YOU'LL SEE IN SECONDS, THE STREET EDITION'S GOING BLANK. CLEAN YOUR PRESSES—GET A NEW SUPPLY OF INK AND WATCH IT EVERY SECOND! I'LL NAB THE CULPRIT IN DUE TIME!
I WILL, SUPERMAN—AND THANKS!
SWOOSH!
5

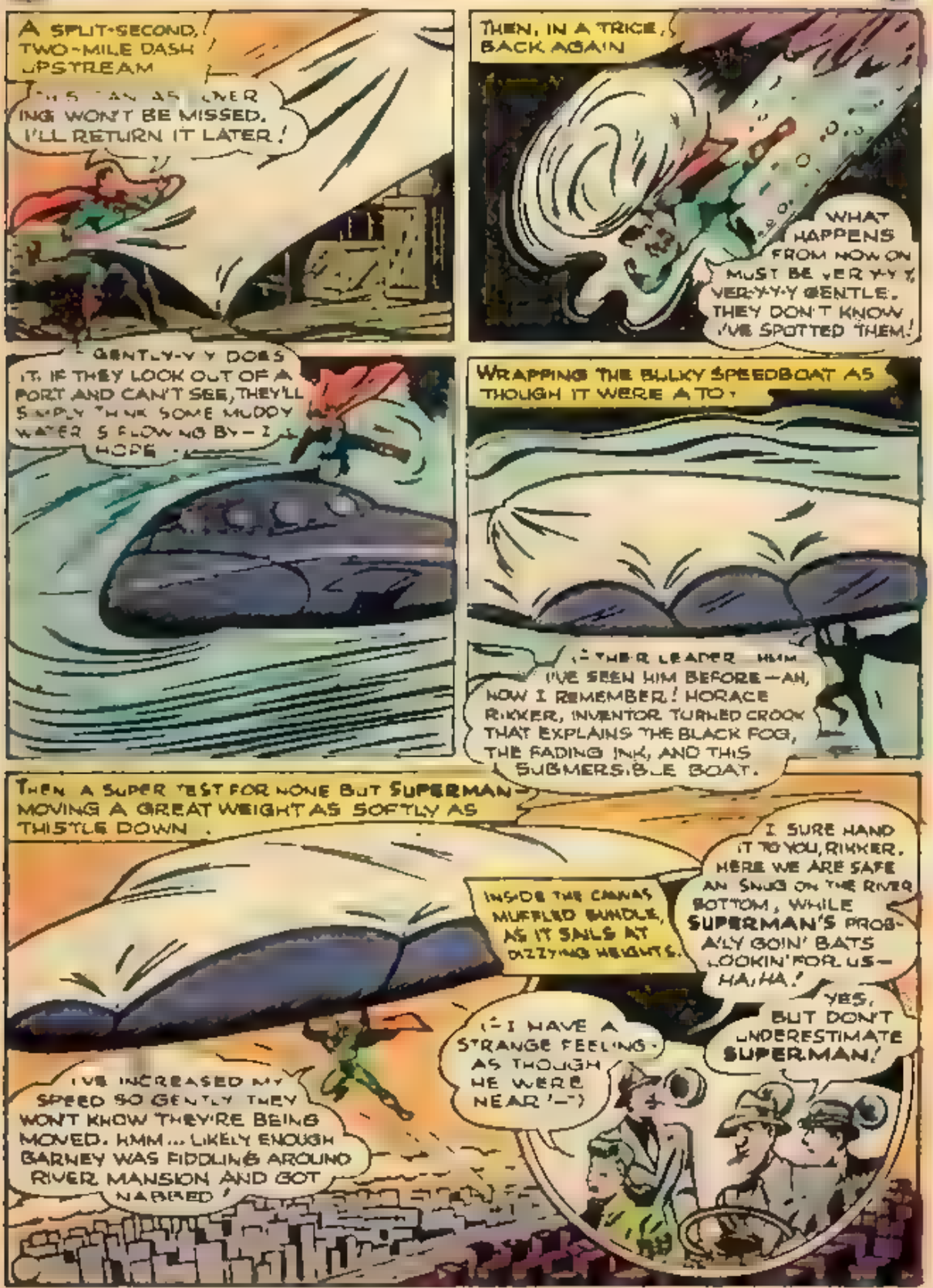

MOMENTS LATER, ONCE AGAIN AS TIMID CLARK KENT...
THE CHIEF WASN'T IN THE COMPOSING ROOM—WHAT'LL WE DO?
NOTHING, SLOWPOKE. MICHAELS PHONED UP THAT SUPERMAN'S PUT EVERYTHING IN CONTROL. HE'S ALWAYS ON THE JOB WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE.
BARNEY'S DONE THIS. THE PROOF IS I CAN'T LOCATE HIM.
I'LL SHOW HIM! GO OUT TO RIVER MANSION AND GET MATERIAL FOR A FEATURE STORY THAT'LL SHAME THE CITY COUNCIL INTO TEARING THAT RUIN DOWN WITHIN A WEEK!
OKAY, CHIEF!
DITTO!
("—THIS IS RIGHT IN LINE WITH AN IDEA I'VE GOT!—")
PRESENTLY, AT RIVER MANSION...
GEE, IT'S A GLOOMY OLD PILE, ISN'T IT?
ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE CREEPS!
USING HIS TELESCOPIC EYES UNKNOWN TO HIS COMPANION...
YOU WAIT HERE, LOIS. I'LL GO AND VIEW THE PLACE FROM THE SHORE! ("—THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE LAWN DOWN THERE—")
ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY...
AT THE SHORE, USING HIS POWERS OF X-RAY VISION...
SO THAT'S IT! THIS SECTION OF LAWN IS A TURFED-OVER TRAP DOOR, SCREENING AN UNDERGROUND STREAM, AND RAISED AND LOWERED BY THAT HOISTING MACHINERY. NICE BOAT GETAWAY FOR—SHALL WE SAY—THE AMPHI-BANDIT?
BUT MEANWHILE...
IF CLARK CAN LOOK FOR STORY MATERIAL OUTSIDE, WHY CAN'T I LOOK INSIDE—BR-R-R, IT SURE IS A CREEPY PLACE!
6

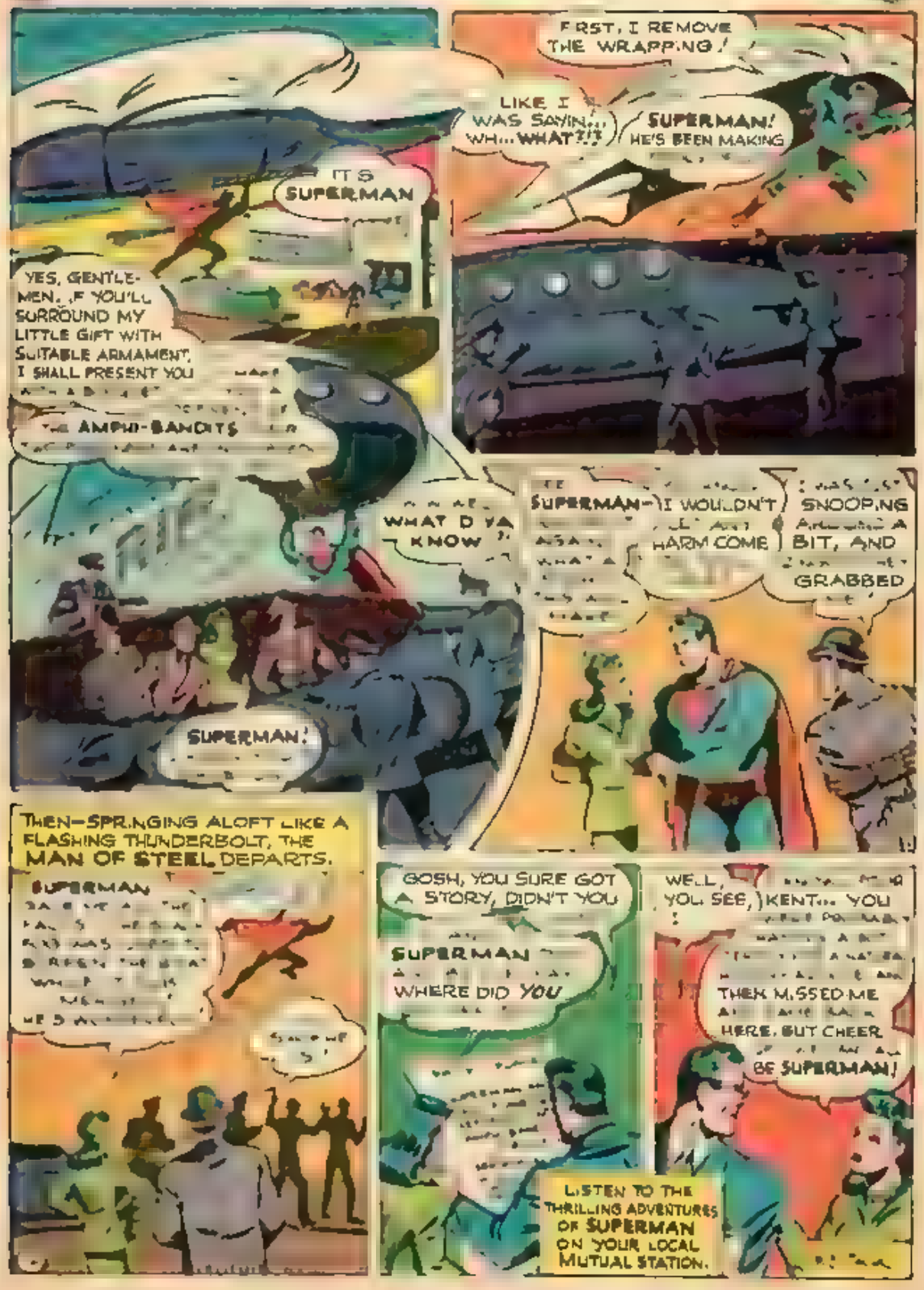
UGH-SPOOKY! I-I FEEL AS THOUGH SOMEONE-SOMETHING WERE WATCHING ME!
SO? A VISITOR!
WELL, WE HAVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR VISITORS-SNOOPY VISITORS!
CLICK!
THEN, SUDDENLY...
PLEASANT TRIP. GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE BOYS BELOW!
EEEEEEEE
WELCOME. MISS LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET, I BELIEVE!
W-WHO ARE YOU?!? WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?!?
IT MEANS, MISS LANE, THAT CERTAIN EDITORIALS PUBLISHED IN YOUR PAPER JEOPARDIZE OUR-ER-"BUSINESS"! AND THAT YOUR BLUNDERING INTO OUR HANDS IS A STROKE OF LUCK!
("-THAT BOAT! AND THIS WATERWAY! THEY MUST BE THE AMPHI-BANDITS!-")
WE DON'T WANT RIVER MANSION TORN DOWN. AND WITH YOU IN OUR POSSESSION, WE CAN BARGAIN WITH YOUR EDITOR TO STOP THOSE EDITORIALS!
YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, MR. AMPHI-BANDIT-IF THAT'S WHO YOU ARE...
AND THAT'S SUPERMAN! SUPERMAN! HELP!' ("-OH, HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO KNOW WHEN I'M IN DANGER. I HOPE HE SOMEHOW HEARS ME!-") SUPERMAN!!
HO, HO! COME NOW, MISS LANE-YOU CAN CALL LOUDER THAN THAT, I'M SURE!
7

SUPERMAN! HELP! SUPERMAN!
IT'S LOIS!- IN DANGER!
AND SINCE HER VOICE COMES FROM THIS HIDDEN WATER TUNNEL...
THIS WILL BE THE MOST DIRECT PATH TO HER.'
A SHEET IRON CORE TO THIS TUNNEL, EH?
SUPERMAN! I KNEW YOU'D COME!
("AND SO DID I- EVER SINCE HE HORNED IN ON THAT FADING INK SCHEME OF MINE.'-")
CRASH
STOP! HEAR ME! YOU, SUPERMAN, ARE THE ONE PERSON WHO CAN SPOIL MY PLANS- THEREFORE, I'M RESOLVED TO GAMBLE- DESPERATELY. THIS BOTTLE HOLDS NITROGLYCERINE.'

EITHER YOU PROMISE TO WITHDRAW FROM THIS AFFAIR ON YOUR HONOR - OR I'LL DROP IT! AND THOUGH YOU MAY NOT SUFFER - MISS LANE WILL BE BLOWN UP WITH THE REST OF US!
("- HE MEANS IT! I COULD GRAB IT FROM HIM, OR CATCH IT BEFORE IT HIT THE FLOOR - BUT JARRING NITRO EVEN THAT MUCH IS RISKY!-")
WELL?
("- I CAN'T GIVE JUST AN IGNOBLE PROMISE - BUT THERE'S LOIS TO THINK OF AND - WAIT - THERE'S A WAY!-")
GO AHEAD AND DROP IT!
VERY WELL - IT'S THE END!!
B-BOSS!! I TH-THOUGHT Y-YOU WAS K-KIDDIN'!?!
("- OH, I CAN'T LOOK.-")
CLEAVING AIR AND EARTH IN A SCREAMING SPASM OF SPEED, THE MAN OF TOMORROW PLUMMETS DOWNWARD..!
I'LL MAKE A PERPENDICULAR TUNNEL IN FRONT OF THE FALLING BOTTLE!
DOWNWARD, EVER DOWNWARD THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST, SUPERMAN BORES, AHEAD OF THE FALLING EXPLOSIVE...
THIRTY SECONDS - I'M MILES BELOW THE SURFACE!
THEN, LOOPING UPWARD...
LET IT EXPLODE - IT CAN'T HARM ANYTHING ON THE SURFACE NOW!
NOW TO SETTLE WITH THE BOSS AMPHIBANDIT - AND COMPANY!
B-OOM!

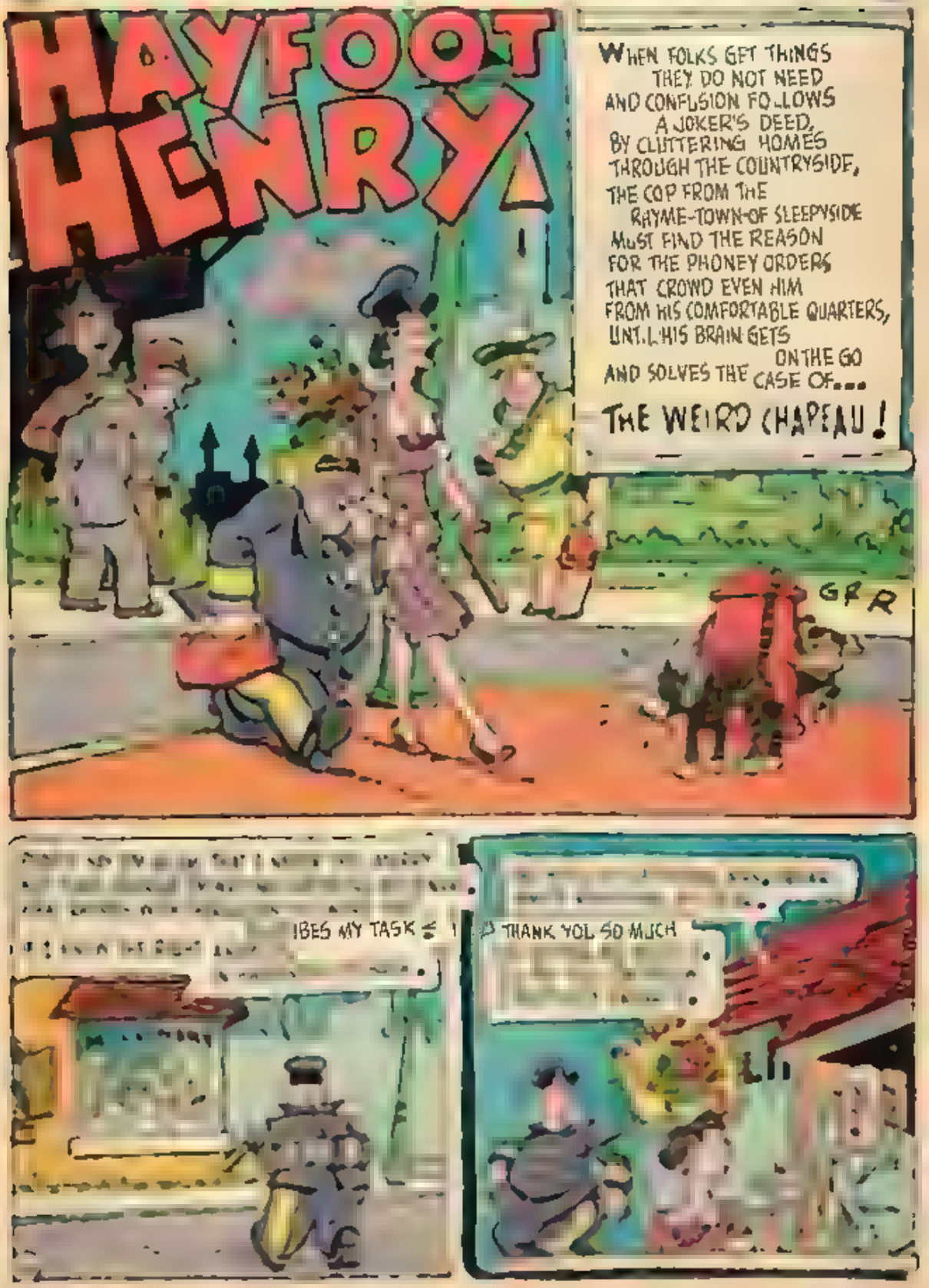
GONE! ONLY A
A MILE OR SO!
NOWHERE IN SIGHT. THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING! THAT
EQUIPPED FOR SUB-SURFACE TRAVEL!
SUPERMAN'S
HMMM... NOTHING IN
DOUBLE BACK THIS WAY—AH!
SUB-SURFACE CRAFT'S BULKHEADS...
NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND WHAT


A SPLIT-SECOND, TWO-MILE DASH UPSTREAM
THIS CAN AS OVERLOOKING WON'T BE MISSED. I'LL RETURN IT LATER!
THEN, IN A TRICE, BACK AGAIN
WHAT HAPPENS FROM NOW ON MUST BE VERY-Y-Y, VERY-Y-Y GENTLE. THEY DON'T KNOW I'VE SPOTTED THEM!
GENTLY-Y-Y DOES IT. IF THEY LOOK OUT OF A PORT AND CAN'T SEE, THEY'LL SIMPLY THINK SOME MUDDY WATER'S FLOWING BY—I HOPE.
WRAPPING THE BULKY SPEEDBOAT AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOY
(—THEIR LEADER—HMM—I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE—AH, NOW I REMEMBER! HORACE RIKKER, INVENTOR TURNED CROOK THAT EXPLAINS THE BLACK FOG, THE FADING INK, AND THIS SUBMERSIBLE BOAT.
THEN A SUPER TEST FOR NONE BUT SUPERMAN—MOVING A GREAT WEIGHT AS SOFTLY AS THISTLE DOWN.
INSIDE THE CANVAS MUFFLED BUNDLE, AS IT SAILS AT DIZZYING HEIGHTS.
I SURE HAND IT TO YOU, RIKKER. HERE WE ARE SAFE AN' SNUG ON THE RIVER BOTTOM, WHILE SUPERMAN'S PROBA'LY GOIN' BATS LOOKIN' FOR US—HA, HA!
YES, BUT DON'T UNDERESTIMATE SUPERMAN!
(—I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING AS THOUGH HE WERE NEAR—)
I'VE INCREASED MY SPEED SO GENTLY THEY WON'T KNOW THEY'RE BEING MOVED. HMM... LIKELY ENOUGH BARNEY WAS FIDDLING AROUND RIVER MANSION AND GOT NABBED!


IT'S SUPERMAN
YES, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'LL SURROUND MY LITTLE GIFT WITH SUITABLE ARMAMENT, I SHALL PRESENT YOU
THE AMPHI-BANDITS
WHAT D'YA KNOW?
SUPERMAN!
FIRST, I REMOVE THE WRAPPING!
LIKE I WAS SAYIN'... WH... WHAT?!?
SUPERMAN! HE'S BEEN MAKING
SUPERMAN—
I WOULDN'T HARM COME
SNOOPING A BIT, AND GRABBED
THEN—SPRINGING ALOFT LIKE A FLASHING THUNDERBOLT, THE MAN OF STEEL DEPARTS.
SUPERMAN
GOSH, YOU SURE GOT A STORY, DIDN'T YOU
SUPERMAN
WHERE DID YOU
WELL, YOU SEE, KENT... YOU
THEN MISSED ME
HERE, BUT CHEER
BE SUPERMAN!
LISTEN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL STATION.

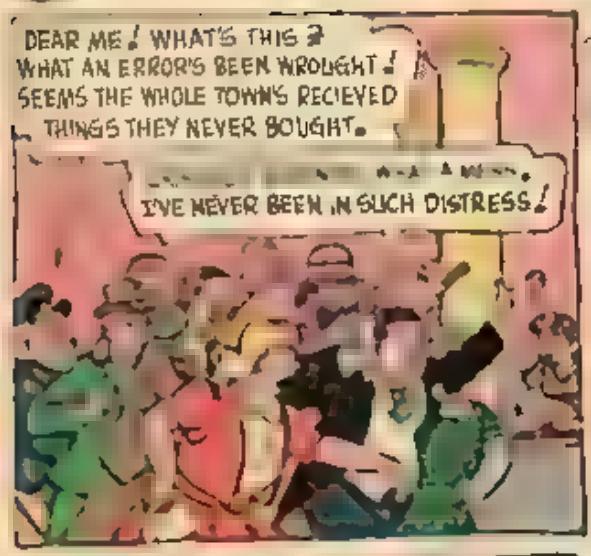
WHY DON'T **YOU** TRY WHEATIES? TEAM UP A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF THOSE BIG WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES WITH RICH MILK AND ZESTY FRUIT. GET ALL OF WHEATIES IMPORTANT **"GO-GET-'EM" NOURISHMENT** DELICIOUS **"GO-TO-'EM"** FLAVOR. IT'S A DISH THAT RATES A CHEER. SO SING OUT **"WE WANT WHEATIES!"** - TOMORROW MORNING START YOUR MORNING MEAL WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

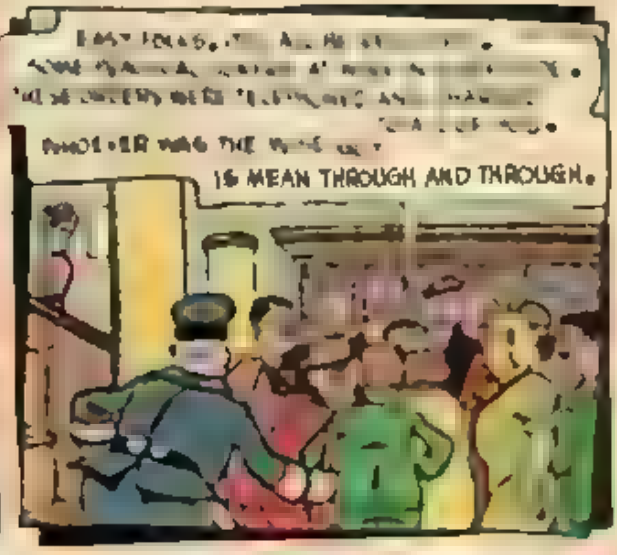
WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

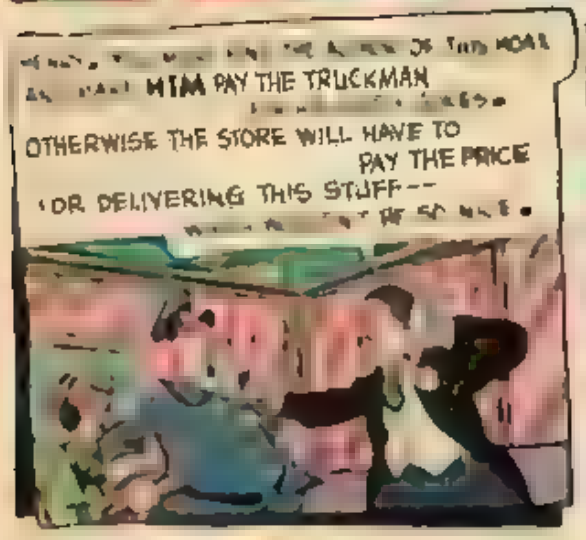

HAYFOOT HENRY
WHEN FOLKS GET THINGS THEY DO NOT NEED AND CONFUSION FOLLOWS A JOKER'S DEED, BY CLUTTERING HOMES THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE, THE COP FROM THE RHYME-TOWN OF SLEEPYSIDE MUST FIND THE REASON FOR THE PHONEY ORDERS THAT CROWD EVEN HIM FROM HIS COMFORTABLE QUARTERS, UNTIL HIS BRAIN GETS ON THE GO AND SOLVES THE CASE OF...
THE WEIRD CHAPEAU!
GRR
IBES MY TASK
THANK YOU SO MUCH

WHY, GOOD MORNING, HENRY. DO YOU LIKE MY NEW CHAPEAU?
I THOUGHT I WAS A GARDEN. THOSE FLOWERS REALLY GROW!
MILLY
IT MUST HAVE BEEN COSTLY. THE PRICE OF FRUIT IS HIGH. WHEN YOUR HUSBAND SEES THE BILL, I'M SURE HE'LL HIT THE SKY!
ONLY A MERE FIFTY DOLLARS. JOHN WILL NOT COMPLAIN. HE'LL BE ABLE TO PAY IT WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN.
THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, WHEN HE NURSES EVERY DIME.
WON'T YOU HELP ME? I MUST FIND A RHYME.
INSTEAD OF BEGGING FOR RHYMES, BETTER LEARN ABOUT STYLE. I WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE A CAD LIKE YOU A SMILE!
WOMEN ARE FUNNY-- NEVER SAY WHAT THEY FEEL. THEY ASK FOR YOUR OPINION AND THEN CALL YOU A HEEL.
A DAY AND NIGHT HENRY THINKS UNTIL HE IS GROGGY. THE MORNING MORN FINDS HIM RATHER FOGGY.
DAWN ALREADY AND NO RHYME FORTHCOMING. WHAT'S THAT? IS SOMEONE DRUMMING?
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
GOOD MORNIN', HENRY SHALL I BRING THE STUFF RIGHT IN?
(YAWN) YES-- BUT QUICKLY PLEASE. MY HEAD IS IN A SPIN.
20

JUST A FEW MINUTES MORE AND THEN I'LL BE THROUGH. ORDERING ALL THIS FURNITURE LEAVES LITTLE ROOM FOR YOU.
YES INDEED IT'S CROWDED EH? VERY TRUE JUST AS YOU SAY.
SO LONG HENRY. YOU LOOK BEAT. BUT YOU'VE NO ROOM TO SLEEP EXCEPT ON YOUR FEET.
AH... ZZZ- YAWN-- SNORE... I'LL JUST CLOSE THE DOOR.
HUH? WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT'S IT DOING HERE? I ORDERED NOTHING! THERE'S AN ERROR, I FEAR.
SLAM!
OH JOHN COME BACK. THERE'S BEEN A SAD MISTAKE. I ORDERED NO FURNITURE. I WAS ONLY HALF AWAKE!
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING. TAKE IT UP WITH THE STORE. I'M MUCH TO BUSY. SHOULDA TOLD ME BEFORE.
DELIVERY VAN
WHENEVER I GET SLEEPY I ACT LIKE SUCH A WHACK. BETTER GET TO THAT STORE AND HAVE THEM TAKE IT BACK.
MY LAWN IS LOADED WITH THINGS I DIDN'T ORDER RUINING THE OUTDOOR WEDDING OF MY DAUGHTER!
A COUCH WAS DELIVERED BY MISTAKE TO MY ADDRESS!
I ORDERED NO PIANO. MY FLOOR CAN'T STAND THE STRESS.

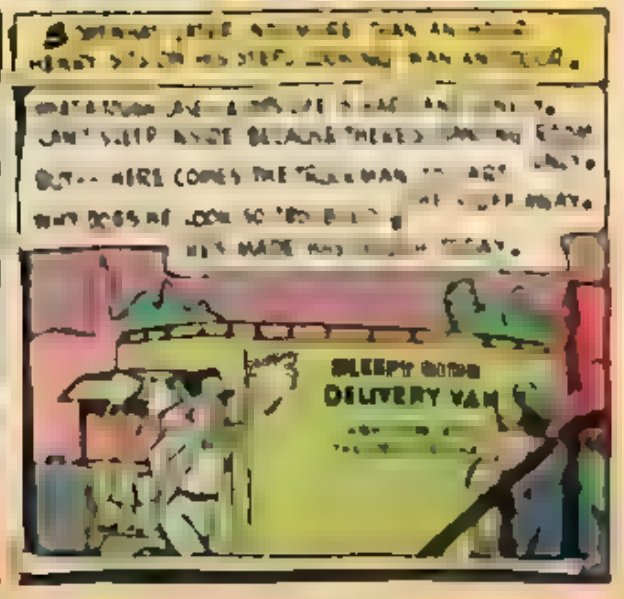

DEAR ME! WHAT'S THIS? WHAT AN ERROR'S BEEN WROUGHT! SEEMS THE WHOLE TOWN'S RECIEVED THINGS THEY NEVER BOUGHT.
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN SUCH DISTRESS!


IS MEAN THROUGH AND THROUGH.


I'M PAY THE TRUCKMAN
OTHERWISE THE STORE WILL HAVE TO PAY THE PRICE
FOR DELIVERING THIS STUFF--

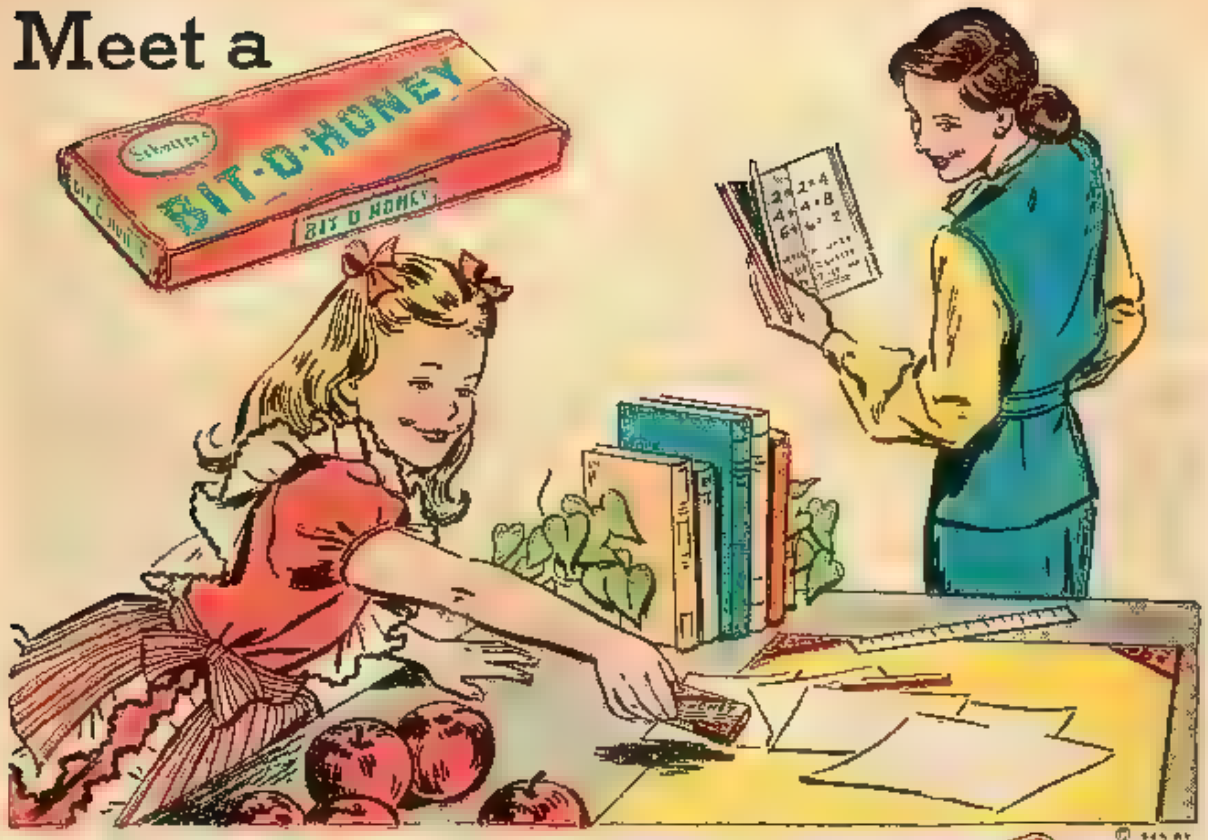
A CASE LIKE THIS-- IT CALLS FOR SOME THOUGHT. A TELEPHONE VOICE ISN'T EASILY CAUGHT.
I TOOK THOSE PHONE ORDERS, BUT I COULDN'T TELL WHOSE VOICE IT WAS, IT WAS DISGUISED SO WELL.

PERHAPS IF YOU HELP ME WITH A RHYME I NEED,
I'M A MERCHANDISE MAN AND REALLY RATHER GOOD. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO VERSE,


DELIVERY VAN

I JUST REALIZED, SINCE YOU MAKE ALL THAT DOUGH GETTING DOUBLE BUSINESS BY CARTING TO AND FRO--
I KNOW YOU THINK THAT I'M THE GUILTY ONE. I'M INNOCENT
MY WIFE BOUGHT A HAT FOR WHICH I COULDN'T PAY, BUT BECAUSE I'VE HAD SUCH A PROFITABLE DAY I CAN'T REFUSE TO BUY IT, SO I DON'T FEEL VERY GAY. THE HAT'S SO ATROCIOUS, I WANT TO RUN AWAY!
JOHN, MY FRIEND, YOU NEED WORRY NO MORE! JUST DRIVE ME QUICKLY TO YOUR DOOR!
A MOMENT LATER, WITH A SCREECH AND A ROAR, THE TRUCK BRINGS HENRY TO THE DRIVER'S DOOR.
MADAME, 'TWAS YOU WHO MADE THE CALLS THAT INCREASED JOHN'S BUSINESS TO PAY FOR YOUR HAT! OTHERWISE HOW DID YOU KNOW YESTERDAY THAT TODAY FOR THE HAT YOU'D BE ABLE TO PAY?
OH, DEAR--IT'S TRUE. OH--WHAT'LL I DO?
NO ARREST, I ASSURE YOU, NEED BE MADE, IF FOR THOSE DELIVERIES, JOHN ISN'T PAID.
WITH PLEASURE I'LL CART ALL THAT STUFF BACK FREE SINCE YOU CAN'T BUY THAT HAT WITHOUT THE MONEY!
BOO-HOO--HOW SAD. I LOVED THAT HAT SO, I FEEL SO BLUE--CERULEAN THROUGH AND THROUGH!
EUREKA! "CERULEAN," MEANING DEEP BLUE, RHYMES WITH "HERCULEAN", THANKS TO YOU!

Meet a



Golden, deliciously different BIT-O-HONEY makes everyone smile with pleasure. Words just can't do justice to the luscious goodness of this temptingly different candy bar. You must taste it. Once you enjoy BIT O HONEY you will know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted." BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six bite-sized pieces, so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too — a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

Eat a

5¢

A "Honey" of a candy bar

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.

PATRICK HENRY'S name adds up to FOUR. Does YOURS?

Example

P A T R I C K H E N R Y

7 + 1 + 2 + 9 + 9 + 3 + 9 + 2 + 8 + 5 + 5 + 9 + 7 = 67*

*6 + 7 = 13 1 + 3 = 4

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it adds to "Four", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"	
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"	
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"	
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	
I-R are "9"		

YOURS FREE

Want the key to *your* number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book of "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW.

4 "Four" people are steady and win success through a combination of will and action. Being capable of big things, they will work zealously and conscientiously to attain them. They also have good judgment and understanding.

BIT-O-HONEY
Dept. NC-6
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me, absolutely FREE and without obligation, my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name _____
(please print plainly)

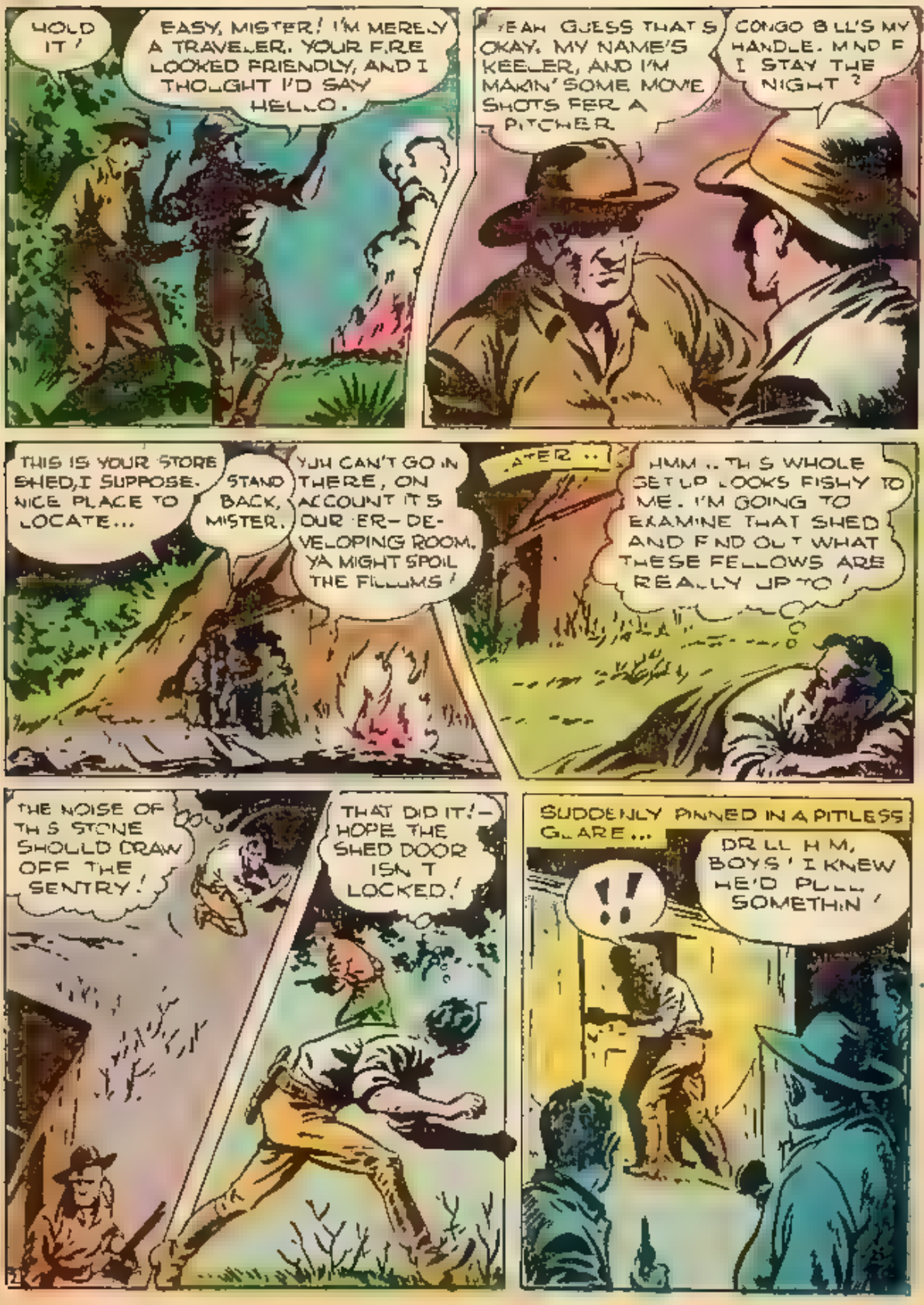
Address _____

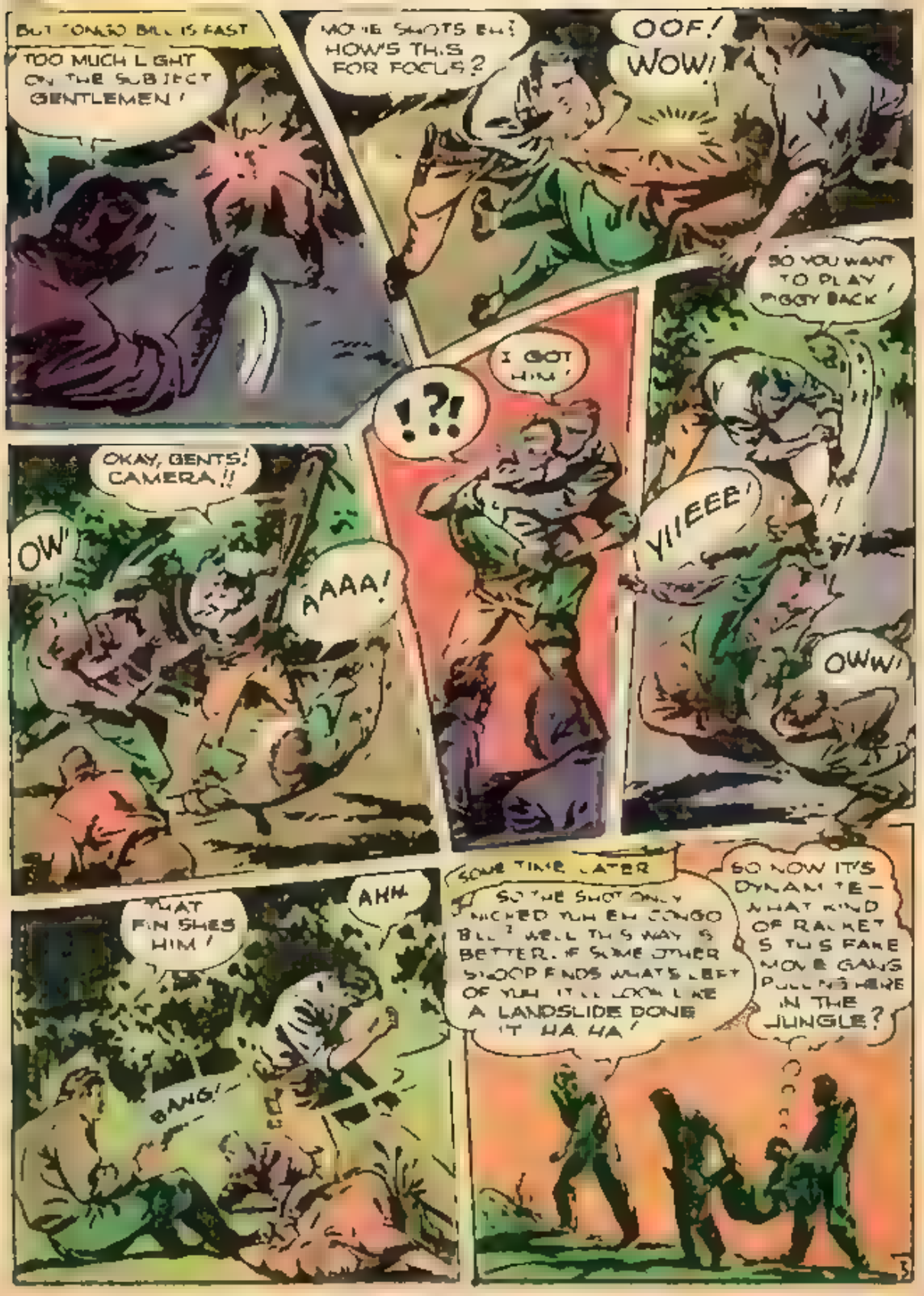
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If you are under 18, please state age _____

Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

CONGO BILL
CONGO BILL, IN HIS ENDLESS TRAVELS, HAS ENCOUNTERED MANY BAFFLING MYSTERIES... BUT DEEP IN THE PERILOUS LABYRINTHS OF AN AFRICAN JUNGLE, HE ENCOUNTERS A TOTALLY NEW KIND OF CUNNING WHEN HE STUMBLES ON..
"Camouflage for Crime!"
CONGO BILL FEARLESS TRAILER TREKS THROUGH THE DEEP WILDS OF AN AFRICAN JUNGLE
I'LL BE GLAD TO REACH THE GOVERNMENT POST BY NOON TOMORROW AND THEN MY JOB'S DONE
A CAMP FIRE! I WONDER WHOSE IT IS?


HOLD IT!
EASY, MISTER! I'M MERELY A TRAVELER. YOUR FIRE LOOKED FRIENDLY, AND I THOUGHT I'D SAY HELLO.
YEAH GUESS THAT'S OKAY. MY NAME'S KEELER, AND I'M MAKIN' SOME MOVIE SHOTS FER A PITCHER.
CONGO BILL'S MY HANDLE. MIND IF I STAY THE NIGHT?
THIS IS YOUR STORE SHED, I SUPPOSE. NICE PLACE TO LOCATE...
STAND BACK, MISTER.
YUH CAN'T GO IN THERE, ON ACCOUNT IT'S OUR ER-DEVELOPING ROOM. YA MIGHT SPOIL THE FILLUMS!
LATER..
HMM.. THIS WHOLE SETUP LOOKS FISHY TO ME. I'M GOING TO EXAMINE THAT SHED AND FIND OUT WHAT THESE FELLOWS ARE REALLY UP TO!
THE NOISE OF THIS STONE SHOULD DRAW OFF THE SENTRY!
THAT DID IT!— HOPE THE SHED DOOR ISN'T LOCKED!
SUDDENLY PINNED IN A PITILESS GLARE...
!!
DRILL HIM, BOYS! I KNEW HE'D PULL SOMETHIN'!


BUT CONGO BILL IS FAST
TOO MUCH LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT GENTLEMEN!
MOVIE SHOTS EH? HOW'S THIS FOR FOCUS?
OOF!
WOW!
SO YOU WANT TO PLAY PIGGY BACK!
I GOT HIM!
!?!
OKAY, GENTS! CAMERA!!
OW!
AAAA!
YIIEEE!
OWW!
SOME TIME LATER
SO THE SHOT ONLY NICKED YUH EH CONGO BILL? WELL THIS WAY IS BETTER. IF SOME OTHER SLOOP FINDS WHAT'S LEFT OF YUH IT'LL LOOK LIKE A LANDSLIDE DONE IT HA HA!
SO NOW IT'S DYNAMITE— WHAT KIND OF RACKET IS THIS FAKE MOVIE GANG PULLING HERE IN THE JUNGLE?
AHH
WHAT FINISHES HIM!
BANG!

EXPLOSION!
BOOM!
DESERTED! BUT NOW AT LEAST, I CAN HAVE A LOOK INTO THAT SHED THEY GUARDED SO CLOSELY!

EMPTY! HMMM BUT WHAT'S THIS? THE BOARDS ON THE SIDE NEXT TO THE CLIFF SEEM TO FIT LOOSELY.
A CONCEALED TUNNEL! AND THAT'S DIAMOND PAY DIRT! NOW I UNDERSTAND - THE R MOVIE TAKING WAS ONLY A FRONT FOR LOOTING THIS CLIFF OF DIAMONDS WITHOUT GOVERNMENT SANCTION!
A FORTUNE FROM THAT FREAK DIAMOND POCKET AND ONCE FINISHED THEY HEADED FOR THE COAST HMM.. AND THEY DIDN'T BREAK CAMP SO LONG AGO
SOMETIME LATER, PUTTING OUT TO SEA FROM A COASTAL SETTLEMENT.
WELL BOYS, WE DID IT! A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS - ALL BECAUSE WE WERE LUCKY ENOUGH
THAT MAKES EVERYTHING
IT'S - IT'S CONGO BILL! ALIVE - AN
WOW
HE GOT HERE
THIS TIME I'M
OOOF!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

D VWLWFK LQ WLPH VDYHV QLQH. D ERQG LQ WLPH VDYHV OLYHV

SUPERMAN, Nov.
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C., N. Y.

Dear Superman,

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

GUNSLINGER'S REWARD

by Fred Whitby

IT was going to be one of the biggest days the town of Goldstrike ever had. It would be a day written in the flaming history of the West.

Right after the sun rose, the peace-loving citizens of the town began the series of events which would climax with the appearance of Spike Martin. Now, in mid-morning, things were really taking shape.

Flags festooned the main streets. From the ranches outside town poured a steady stream of buckboards and ponies and horses. There was even going to be a band, according to the Clarion, a band which was being brought in all the way from Phoenix. The band would arrive on the noon train, the same train that would bring Judge Hatch.

And when Judge Hatch, representing the United States Government came into town, it meant something really big was brewing. But it didn't need even Judge Hatch, the excited faces of the townspeople were enough to show events unparalleled were abroad.

In the center of town, right outside the new county jail, Sheriff Harvey Payne, who was as new as the jail, had erected the rough platform on which Spike Martin would stand.

Sheriff Payne was eyeing it with satisfaction when Mayor Bond came along, an anxious look in his eyes. "You sure you're going to bring him in today, Harvey. You know, he can be powerful obstinate."

Young Sheriff Payne laughed. "He may be the greatest gunslinger the West has ever known," he said, confidently, "but I'll bring him in."

"I hope so." Mayor Bond was a natural worrier. "I sure hope so." He wiped his brow. "You know I'm not getting any younger, Harvey."

"None of the guys Spike threw his guns on ever grew older."

"That's so." Mayor Bond clucked. "That's so. Well, I wish you luck, Harvey. You're going to have a time smoking him out, just mark my words." He waddled off.

Meanwhile, the object of this conversation was sitting in a tiny cabin, high in the hills that ringed the town.

Spike Martin was a quiet, dangerous man. He wasn't much of a talker. Through the years he had let his six-guns make all the conversation. As they said down in the Panhandle, 'Spike's the undertakers' best friend.'

Sheriff Payne would have been surprised to know how nervous Spike Martin was at this moment. He sat there chewing savagely on the cheroot between his thin lips. His gray eyes carefully watched the trail leading up to his lean-to.

He had known for two days now that a posse would be up here for him. For the first time in a life of gunslinging he was worried. It was a strange feeling for a man who had so many notches on his gun. He hadn't felt it since the first time the awful truth broke on him that he was a killer.

Now, he wanted to quit, to lead a quiet life. But that wasn't to be for him. Almost ruefully, he looked around the neat cabin, thought of how carefully he had stocked it against the day he wouldn't be using his guns any longer.

He had picked this place well. No one could catch him from behind. He had a wonderful supply of water, and not far away a trout stream danced in the sunlight. It was the only place a man who had lived by his guns alone would want to be, when the day came to put them aside.

Spike Martin stiffened as, far down the valley, he saw the cloud of dust. For a moment, his thin lips compressed. Then relaxed. "They're coming to get me," he muttered, "and enough of them."

He had a momentary impulse to flee. It would be simple to outwit them now. But Spike Martin knew what that would mean. Harvey Payne was just ornery enough to hunt him down, try to drag him into town.

The thin lips set again. Cold, hard eyes watched the progress of the posse. They were at Cain's Canyon now. Still far enough away so that when they came here they'd find no one. Once again Spike Martin toyed with the idea of flight.

He found it distasteful. Never had he fled anything. He had no right to flee this thing. Speculatively he picked his six guns off the wall, and through force of habit twirled the cylinders. His hand on the guns sent confidence surging through him anew. He smiled. Let them come, he murmured, and we'll see what happens.

A cloud of dust covered the men as they dismounted. Spike saw Harvey Payne leap off first, stride confidently to the door.

"Come on out, Spike," the Sheriff called. "You know we've got you outnumbered."

Spike Martin smiled, but somehow it didn't even *feel* like the old smile, the dangerous one. "Come in and get me," he invited. A short laugh. "I'm not armed."

Harvey Payne was first in.

His eyes swept the room, noticed the famed six-guns hanging on the hook. He grinned. "You might as well put them on, Spike," he invited, "the whole town will be looking for them." He laughed again. "I told them I'd bring you in."

"So I gathered," Spike returned dryly. "I was just wondering how you figured I'd be here."

"No other place for you to go. You know we'd chase you, anyway." Payne shook his head. "Sure beats me how you hate the spotlight this time. You been in it long enough."

"I don't crave no audience." Spike Martin's words were curt.

Payne's eyes noticed the table, saw the remains of a big meal. He grinned at Martin. "So the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast," he quipped. Suddenly, his mood changed. "You'd better get moving, Spike, they're not going to wait in town all day."

Spike Martin moved toward the Palomino. One of the posse had brought it from the tether. As he walked, envious eyes watched the lithe, easy grace of his stride. No wonder he had managed to get away all these years, keep a step ahead of the guardian of Boot Hill. He could move very fast, and dangerously.

Maybe that's why Sheriff Payne watched Spike Martin's every move anxiously. Now that he had Martin virtually under guard, he was beginning to be worried. There wasn't any telling what Spike Martin might decide to do.

Spike Martin started as Payne said suddenly, "How do you like the idea of being a prisoner, Spike?"

The rest of the posse guffawed. Spike Martin grinned good-naturedly. "I notice you came alone, Harvey," he drawled.

Another burst of laughter from the riders, then Sheriff Payne said, "Don't think I'd be foolish enough to try to take you by myself, Spike." He smiled. "Yonder's the town."

That did it. Spike Martin bit his lip as the first building came into view. His face tensed as he saw the bunting. It was worse than he had thought. They sure were going to make a Roman holiday out of this.

The horses galloped into the town proper and before they reached it, Spike Martin's eyes had found the rude platform constructed in front of the jail. His face paled, and all around him were shouts and cheers.

The entire town had turned out, and ranchers and sheepherders from neighboring communities were liberally sprinkled in the throng. Somebody cried out.

"Attaboy, Sheriff. We knew you'd bring him in. Take him off that horse!"

The riders reigned in, before the platform. Sheriff Payne said: "This is it, Spike. Climb off."

Judge Hatch was standing on the platform, looking solemn. Mayor Bond, his omnipresent handkerchief in operation, puffed beside him. "Bring Spike up here, Sheriff," the Mayor wheezed, "where they can all get a good look at him."

Silent, Spike Martin went up the steps, followed by the Sheriff.

The crowd was howling now, not getting out of hand, just jubilant. As Mayor Bond said it wasn't every day that a gunslinger with Spike Martin's reputation was brought into town. Then suddenly it stilled, for Judge Hatch was about to speak. It was as silent as the desert at midnight.

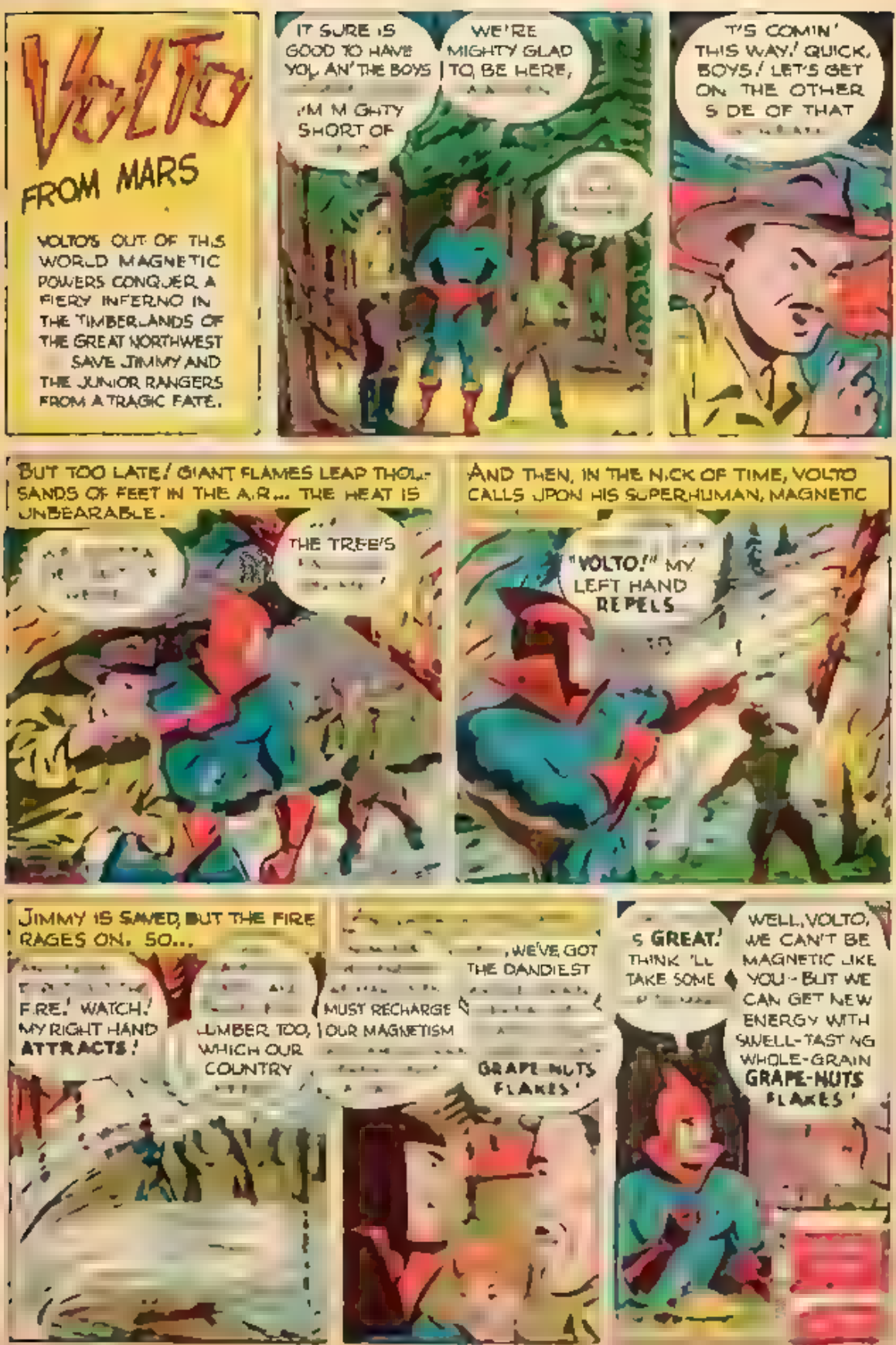
Spike Martin stood first on one foot, then on the other as the Judge's bright eyes darted to his face. And then Judge Hatch, addressing the crowd said:

"I'm not going to say much about this man. You all know what he did with his guns. He sent a lot of critters to their death. But I will say this: Spike Martin never pulled his guns unless he had to."

The strong voice swept over the crowd, broke in the dancing dust far behind them. The Judge's eyes found Spike Martin's reddened face again, and his hand found Spike's hands.

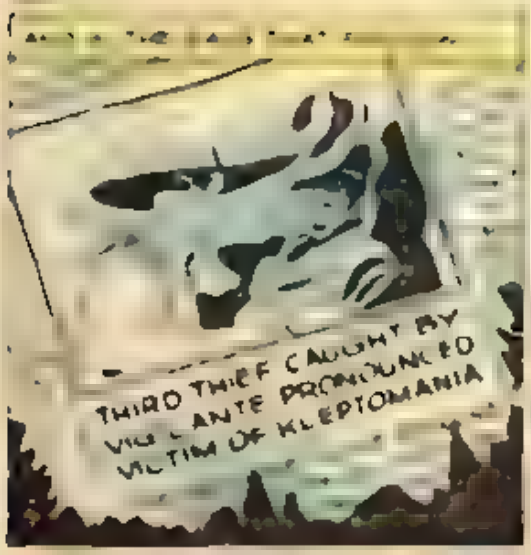
"And so, with pride," the Judge said, "I come here today to swear in as Mayor of this town—this town which will soon be a city—your former Sheriff, Spike Martin, raise your right hand and take your oath of office as the duly elected representative of the people of this community."

The old man winked at Spike as the latter raised his hand. "The nerve of you," Judge Hatch murmured, "Thinking you could retire when this town needs a big man to grow with it!"


VOLTO FROM MARS
VOLTO'S OUT OF THIS WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.
IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS
WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE,
I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF
IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT
BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE.
THE TREES
AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC
"VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS
JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...
FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!
LUMBER TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY
MUST RECHARGE
, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST
OUR MAGNETISM
GRAPE NUTS FLAKES'
S GREAT! THINK 'LL TAKE SOME
WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU - BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES'

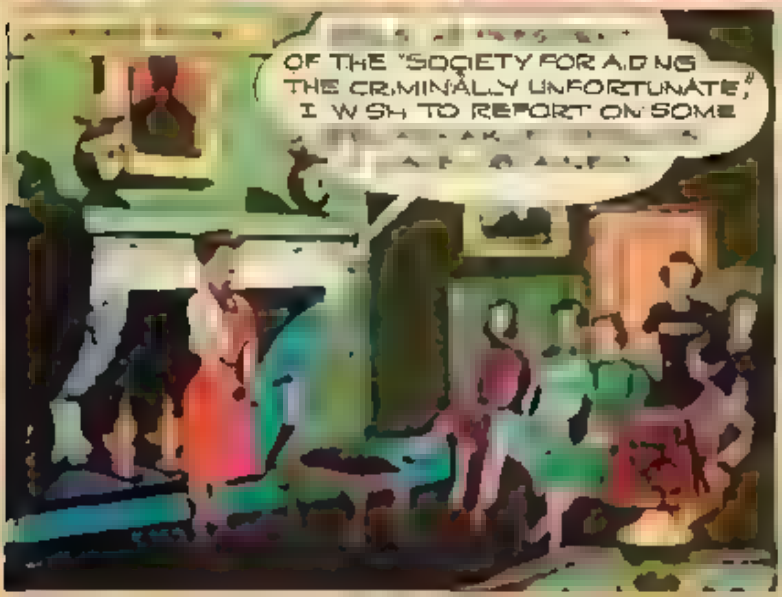
VIGILANTE
ALL THEY REALLY WANTED WAS PRETTY THINGS TO PLAY WITH AND THESE FIVE AND DIME JEWELS MAKE THEM SO HAPPY!
WHEN HARD-BITTEN CRIMINALS PASS UP TEMPTING LOOT FOR VALUELESS TRINKETS, THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK! AND VIGILANTE, WISE IN THE WAYS OF CRIME, SMELLS A RAT! BUT NEITHER HE NOR STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, CAN SPRING A TRAP UNTIL CERTAIN BENEVOLENT BUT BLUNDERING LADIES PAVE THEIR WAY TO A FINAL SHOWDOWN WITH THE
"PICAYUNE PILFERERS!"

GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND HIS PAL, STUFF WHILE OUT FOR A STROLL, FIND WORK FOR THE VIGILANTE!
HELP!
FIRST A QUICK
JUST ONE, TH S'LL BE
THE VIGILANTE! HOW FORTUNATE YOU HAPPENED TO BE PASSING,
WHY, IT'S ONLY OUR SPECIAL 9 CENT "DIAMOND" RINGS,
I CAN'T HELP IT, YOUR HONOR! I DON'T CARE IF DA STUFF IS VALUABLE OR NOT... IF IT'S PURTY, I LIKE
NO PURPOSE TO SENTENCE YOU TO JAIL! WHAT YOU NEED IS
TREATMENT! THEREFORE, I SHALL SUSPEND SENTENCE, AND PUT YOU IN T CARE OF SOME RESPONSIBLE PERSON!
WE SURE WASTED OUR ENERGY
PARDNER, HE WAS JUST AN IMITATION

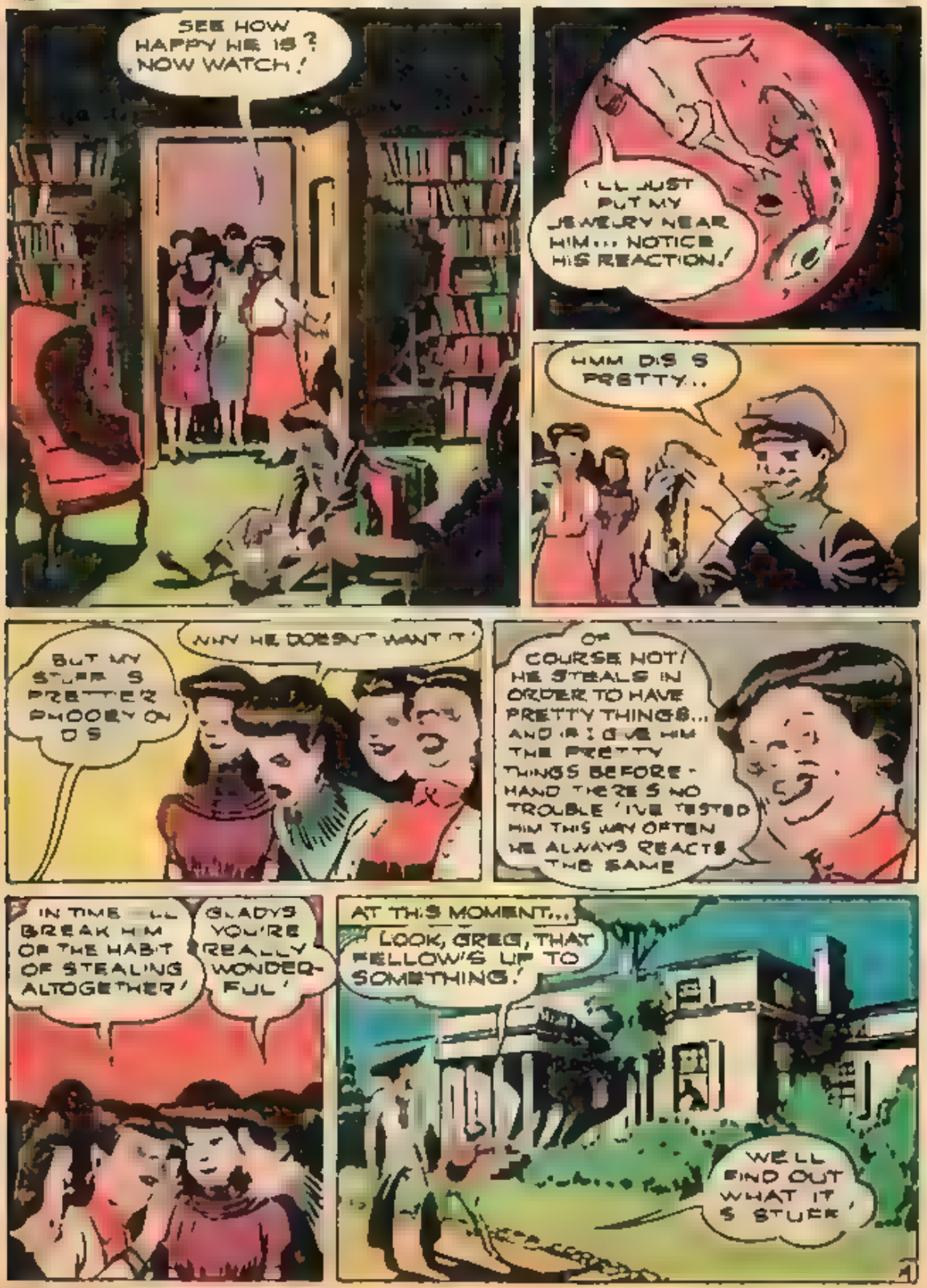

THIRD THIEF CAUGHT BY VIGILANTE PRONOUNCED VICTIM OF KLEPTOMANIA

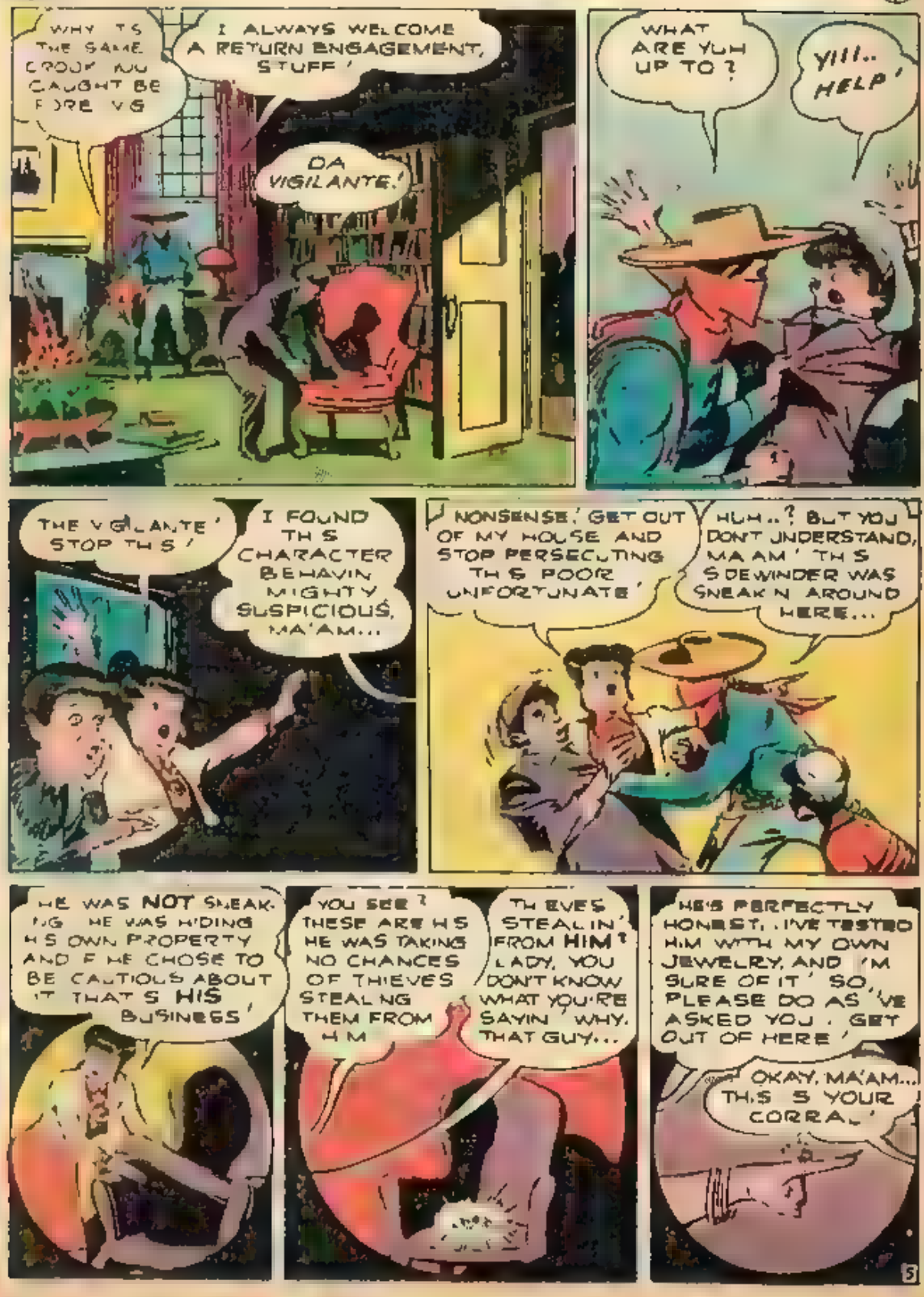
IN A RUT, SEEMS LIKE THE REAL CROOKS HAVE DISAPPEARED, WHILE THESE IMITATIONS DO THEIR STUFF!
ABOUT THAT, PARDNER!

HELP US FIGURE THINGS OUT!


OF THE "SOCIETY FOR AIDING THE CRIMINALLY UNFORTUNATE," I WISH TO REPORT ON SOME

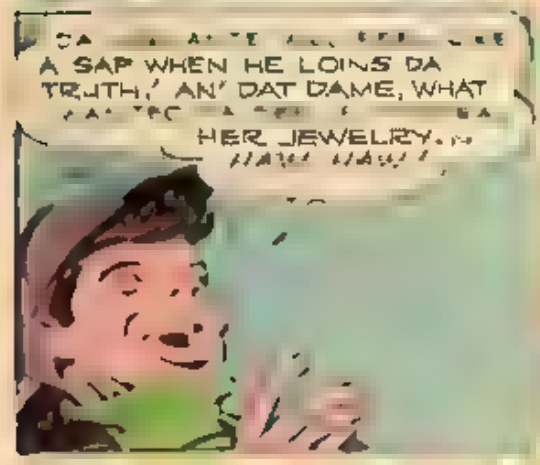
BUT RATHER THAN JUST DESCRIBE WHAT I'VE DONE, I'LL SHOW

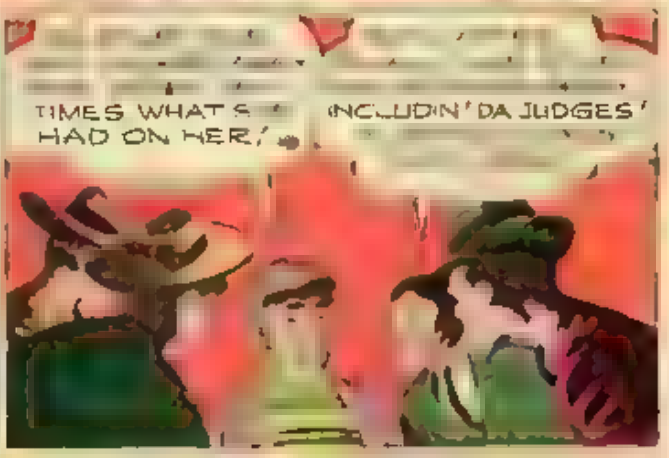

SEE HOW HAPPY HE IS? NOW WATCH!
I'LL JUST PUT MY JEWELRY NEAR HIM... NOTICE HIS REACTION!
HMM DIS S PRETTY..
WHY HE DOESN'T WANT IT
BUT MY STUFF S PRETTER PHOOEY ON DS
OF COURSE NOT! HE STEALS IN ORDER TO HAVE PRETTY THINGS... AND R I GIVE HIM THE PRETTY THINGS BEFORE-HAND THERE S NO TROUBLE I'VE TESTED HIM THIS WAY OFTEN HE ALWAYS REACTS THE SAME
IN TIME LL BREAK HIM OF THE HABIT OF STEALING ALTOGETHER!
GLADYS YOU'RE REALLY WONDER-FUL!
AT THIS MOMENT...
LOOK, GREG, THAT FELLOW'S UP TO SOMETHING!
WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT S STUFF!

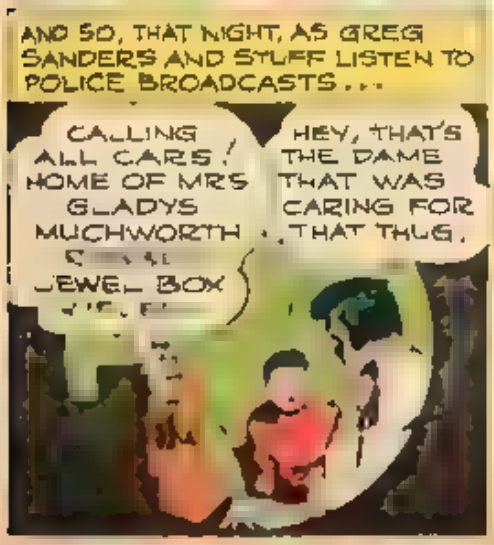

WHY IS THE SAME CROOK YOU CAUGHT BEFORE US
I ALWAYS WELCOME A RETURN ENGAGEMENT, STUFF!
DA VIGILANTE!
WHAT ARE YUH UP TO?
YIII.. HELP!
THE VIGILANTE! STOP THIS!
I FOUND THIS CHARACTER BEHAVIN MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS, MA'AM...
NONSENSE! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE AND STOP PERSECUTING THIS POOR UNFORTUNATE!
HUH..? BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MA'AM! THIS SIDEWINDER WAS SNEAKIN AROUND HERE...
HE WAS NOT SNEAKING HE WAS HIDING HIS OWN PROPERTY AND IF HE CHOSE TO BE CAUTIOUS ABOUT IT THAT'S HIS BUSINESS!
YOU SEE? THESE ARE HIS HE WAS TAKING NO CHANCES OF THIEVES STEALING THEM FROM HIM
THIEVES STEALIN' FROM HIM? LADY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'! WHY, THAT GUY...
HE'S PERFECTLY HONEST, I'VE TESTED HIM WITH MY OWN JEWELRY, AND I'M SURE OF IT! SO, PLEASE DO AS I'VE ASKED YOU. GET OUT OF HERE!
OKAY, MA'AM... THIS IS YOUR CORRAL!

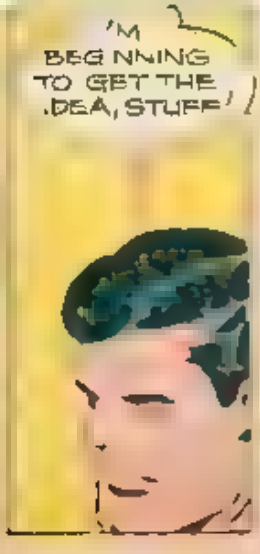
THIS IS GETTING WHACKIER ALL THE TIME!
SHE TESTED HIM WITH HER OWN JEWELRY! I'M FRANK TO ADMIT, PARDNER I DON'T UNDERSTAND

THAT EVENING AT THE MEETING OF ANOTHER SOCIETY TO AID THE CRIMINALLY INCLINED
ALL DA JOINTS BELONG N' TO DESE SAPPY DAMES— AND TONIGHT

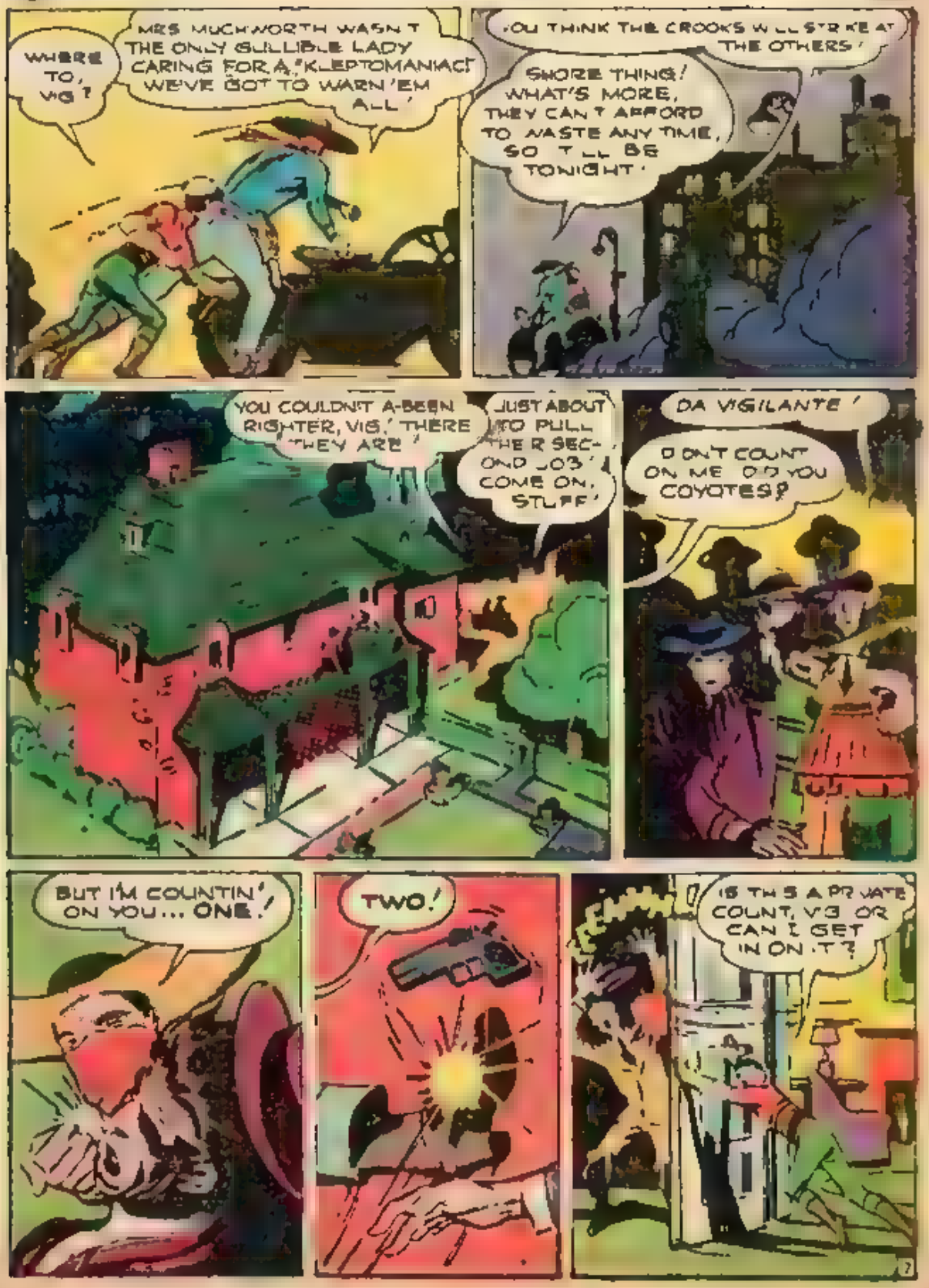

A SAP WHEN HE LOINS DA TRUTH,' AN' DAT DAME, WHAT HER JEWELRY.

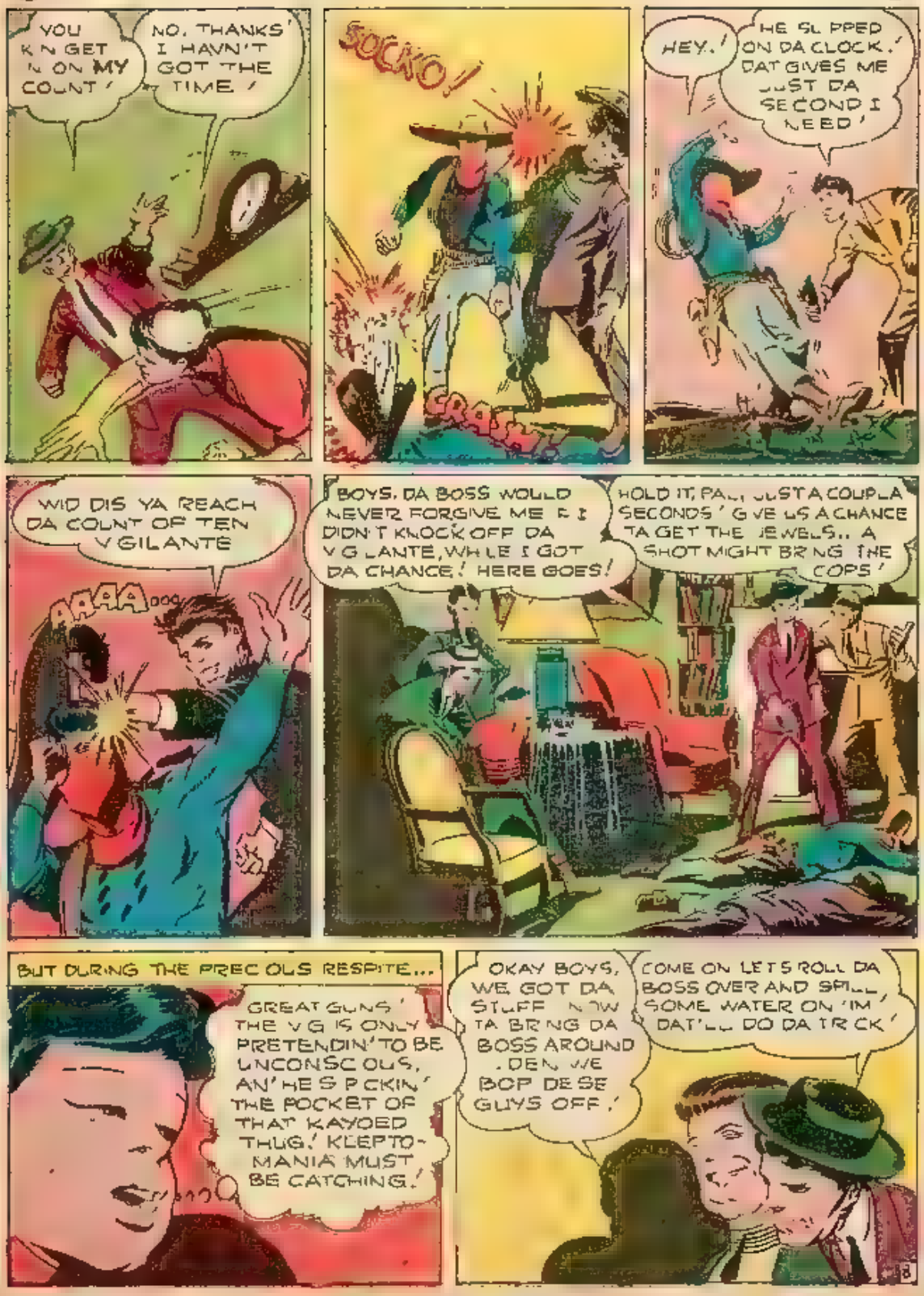

TIMES WHAT S HAD ON HER,
INCLUDIN' DA JUDGES'


AND SO, THAT NIGHT, AS GREG SANDERS AND STUFF LISTEN TO POLICE BROADCASTS . . .
CALLING ALL CARS! HOME OF MRS GLADYS MUCHWORTH JEWEL BOX
HEY, THAT'S THE DAME THAT WAS CARING FOR THAT THUG.

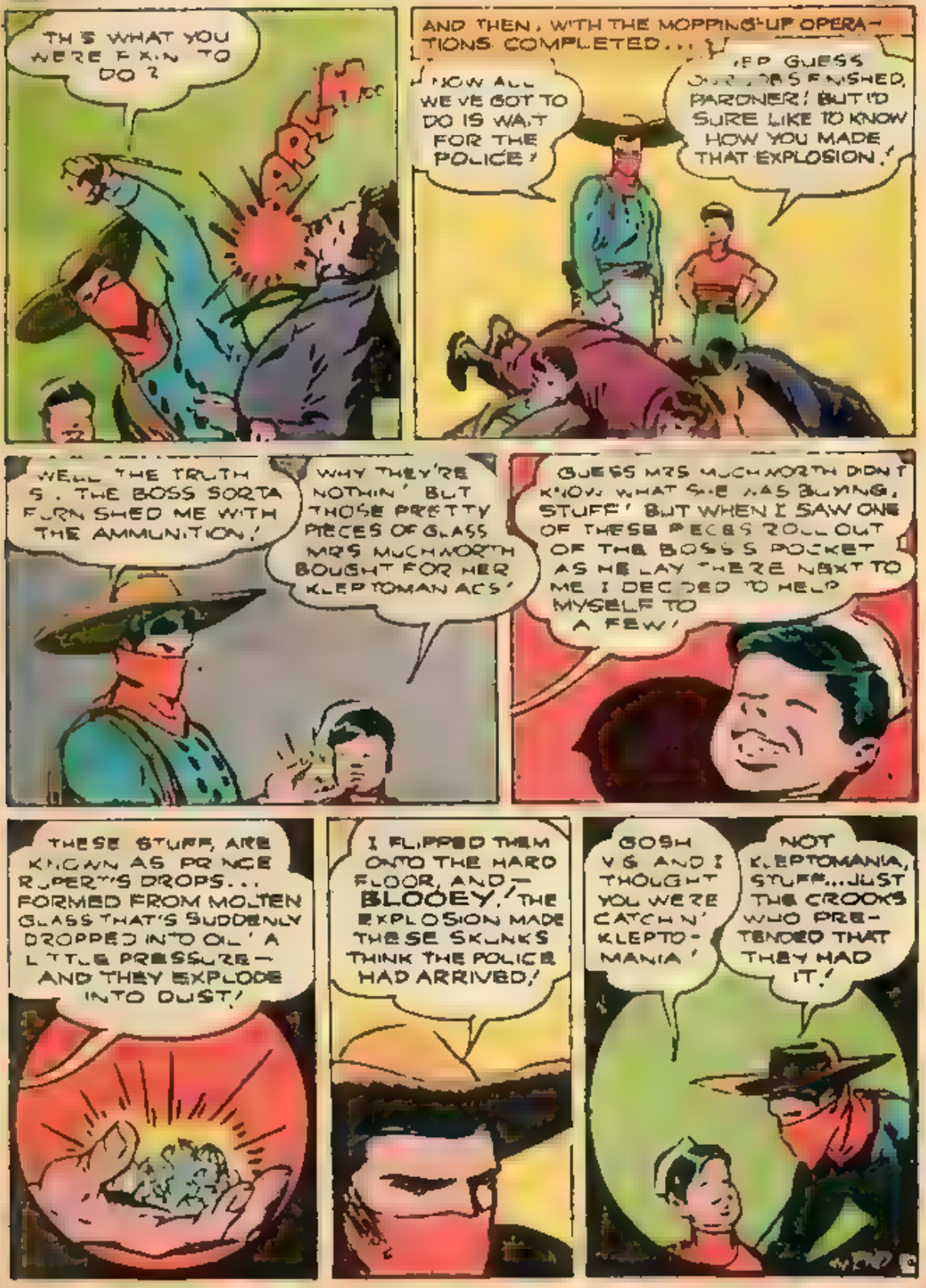

I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA, STUFF!

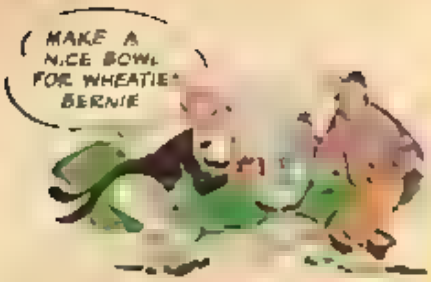
SHE SAID SHE TESTED HIM WITH A FEW JEWELS... BUT WHEN HE GOT HIS HANDS ON THE JEWEL BOX HE TOOK EVERYTHING!


WHERE TO, VIG?
MRS MUCHWORTH WASN'T THE ONLY GULLIBLE LADY CARING FOR A KLEPTOMANIAC! WE'VE GOT TO WARN 'EM ALL!
YOU THINK THE CROOKS WILL STRIKE AT THE OTHERS?
SHORE THING! WHAT'S MORE, THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE ANY TIME, SO IT'LL BE TONIGHT!
YOU COULDN'T A-BEEN RIGHTER, VIG! THERE THEY ARE!
JUST ABOUT TO PULL THEIR SECOND JOB! COME ON, STUFF!
DA VIGILANTE!
DON'T COUNT ON ME DO YOU COYOTES?
BUT I'M COUNTIN' ON YOU... ONE!
TWO!
IS THIS A PRIVATE COUNT, VIG OR CAN I GET IN ON IT?


YOU KN GET N ON MY COUNT'
NO, THANKS' I HAVN'T GOT THE TIME.'
SOCKO!
CRASH!
HEY.'
HE SL PPED ON DA CLOCK.' DAT GIVES ME JUST DA SECOND I NEED'
WID DIS YA REACH DA COUNT OF TEN VGILANTE
AAAA
BOYS, DA BOSS WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME I DIDN'T KNOCK OFF DA VG LANTE, WH LE I GOT DA CHANCE! HERE GOES!
HOLD IT, PAL, JUST A COUPLA SECONDS' G VE US A CHANCE TA GET THE JEWELS.. A SHOT MIGHT BR NG THE COPS'
BUT DURING THE PREC OUS RESPITE...
GREAT GUNS' THE VG IS ONLY PRETENDIN' TO BE UNCONSC OUS, AN' HE S P CKIN' THE POCKET OF THAT KAYOED THUG.' KLEPTO-MANIA MUST BE CATCHING.'
OKAY BOYS, WE GOT DA STUFF NOW TA BR NG DA BOSS AROUND . DEN WE BOP DE SE GUYS OFF.'
COME ON LET S ROLL DA BOSS OVER AND SPILL SOME WATER ON 'IM' DAT'LL DO DA TR CK'

HUH?
YOU'RE TOO LATE, RATTLER! THE POLICE ARE SHOOTIN FIRST.
BUT I DON'T SEE
A LITTLE TRICK OF MY OWN!
DON'T UPSET YOURSELF, CHUM...
IF THERE'S ANY UPSETTING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE
HEY!
MIGHTY CARELESS OF YOU, SIDEWINDER!
OOFS!

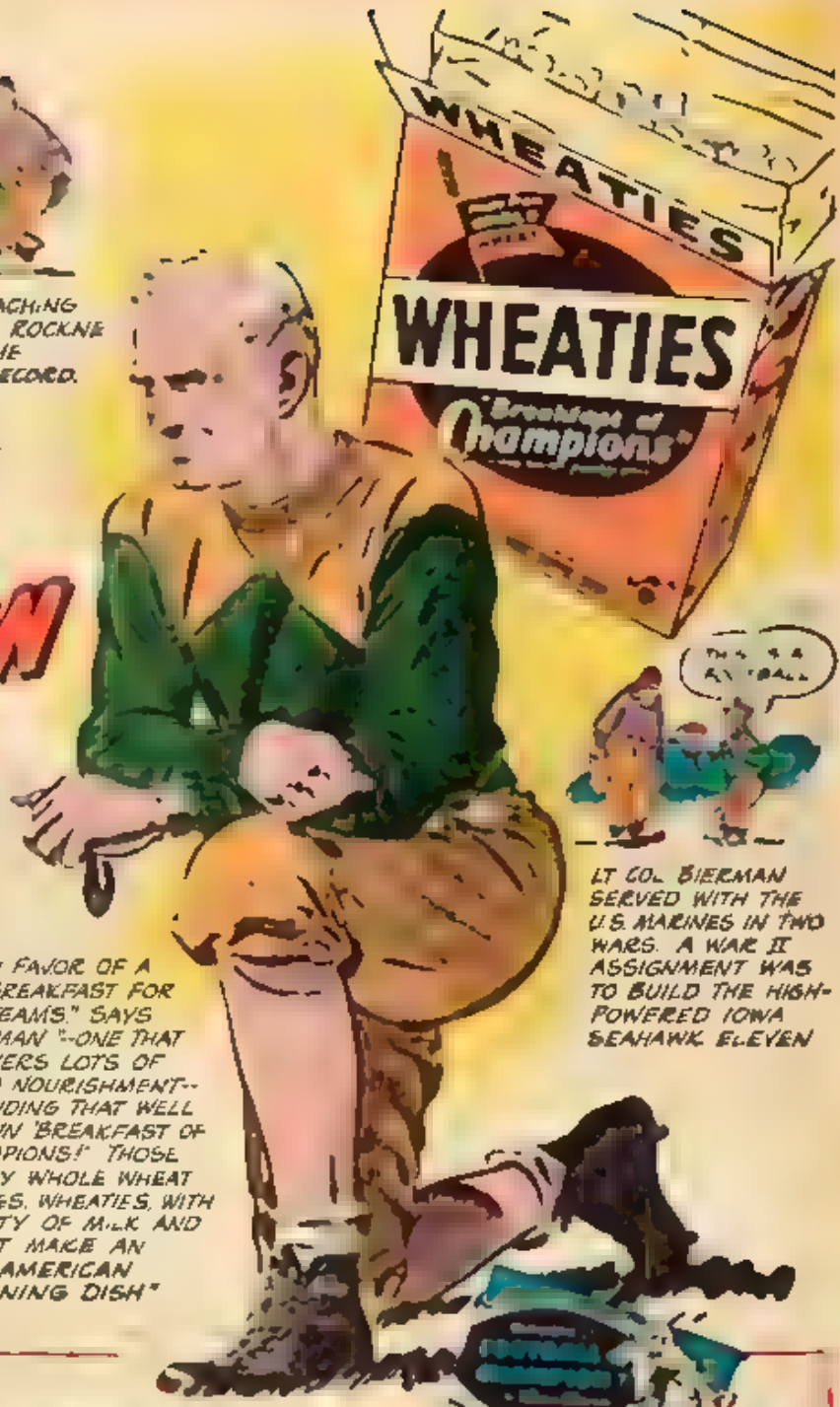

THIS WHAT YOU WERE FIXIN TO DO?
OOPF!
AND THEN, WITH THE MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS COMPLETED...
NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE POLICE!
I'D GUESS OUR JOB'S FINISHED, PARDNER! BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU MADE THAT EXPLOSION!
WELL THE TRUTH IS, THE BOSS SORTA FURNISHED ME WITH THE AMMUNITION!
WHY THEY'RE NOTHIN' BUT THOSE PRETTY PIECES OF GLASS MRS MUCHMORTH BOUGHT FOR HER KLEPTOMANIACS!
GUESS MRS MUCHMORTH DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS BUYING, STUFF! BUT WHEN I SAW ONE OF THESE PIECES ROLL OUT OF THE BOSS'S POCKET AS HE LAY THERE NEXT TO ME I DECIDED TO HELP MYSELF TO A FEW!
THESE STUFF, ARE KNOWN AS PRINCE RUPERT'S DROPS... FORMED FROM MOLTEN GLASS THAT'S SUDDENLY DROPPED INTO OL' A LITTLE PRESSURE— AND THEY EXPLODE INTO DUST!
I FLIPPED THEM ONTO THE HARD FLOOR, AND— BLOOEY! THE EXPLOSION MADE THESE SKUNKS THINK THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED!
GOSH VG AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE CATCHIN' KLEPTOMANIA!
NOT KLEPTOMANIA, STUFF...JUST THE CROOKS WHO PRETENDED THAT THEY HAD IT!



HIGH SPOT IN BERNIE'S COACHING CAREER WAS WINNING THE ROCKNE MEMORIAL TROPHY FOR THE BEST 10 YEAR COACHING RECORD.

BERNIE BIERMAN

HIS MINNESOTA GOLDEN GOPHERS WON 6 BIG 10 CHAMPIONSHIPS IN 10 YEARS COMPETITION



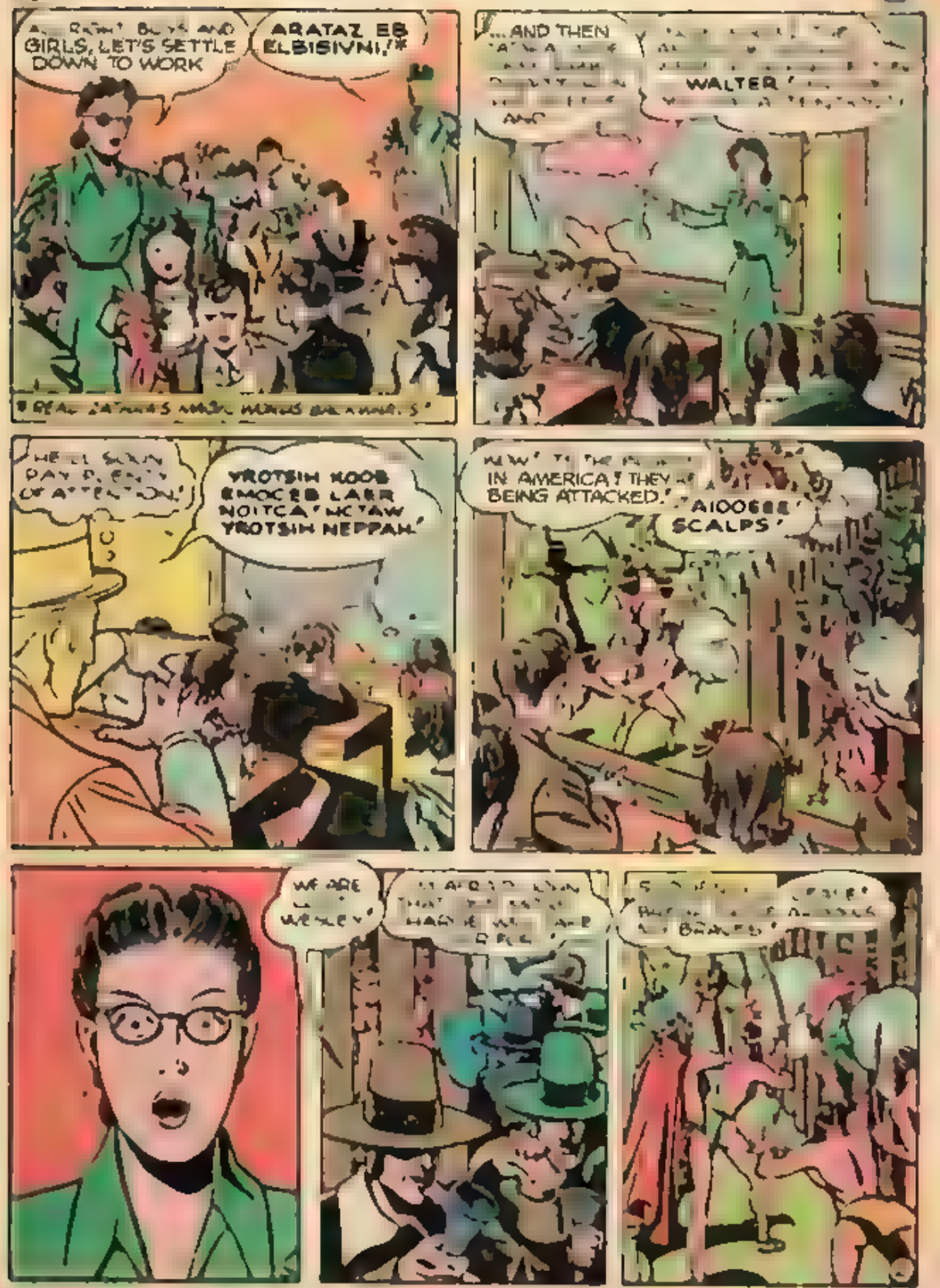
LT CO. BIERMAN SERVED WITH THE U.S. MARINES IN TWO WARS. A WAR II ASSIGNMENT WAS TO BUILD THE HIGH-POWERED IOWA SEAHAWK ELEVEN

I'M IN FAVOR OF A BIG BREAKFAST FOR MY TEAMS," SAYS BIERMAN "--ONE THAT DELIVERS LOTS OF SOLID NOURISHMENT--INCLUDING THAT WELL KNOWN 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS!' THOSE ZESTY WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT MAKE AN ALL-AMERICAN "TRAINING DISH"

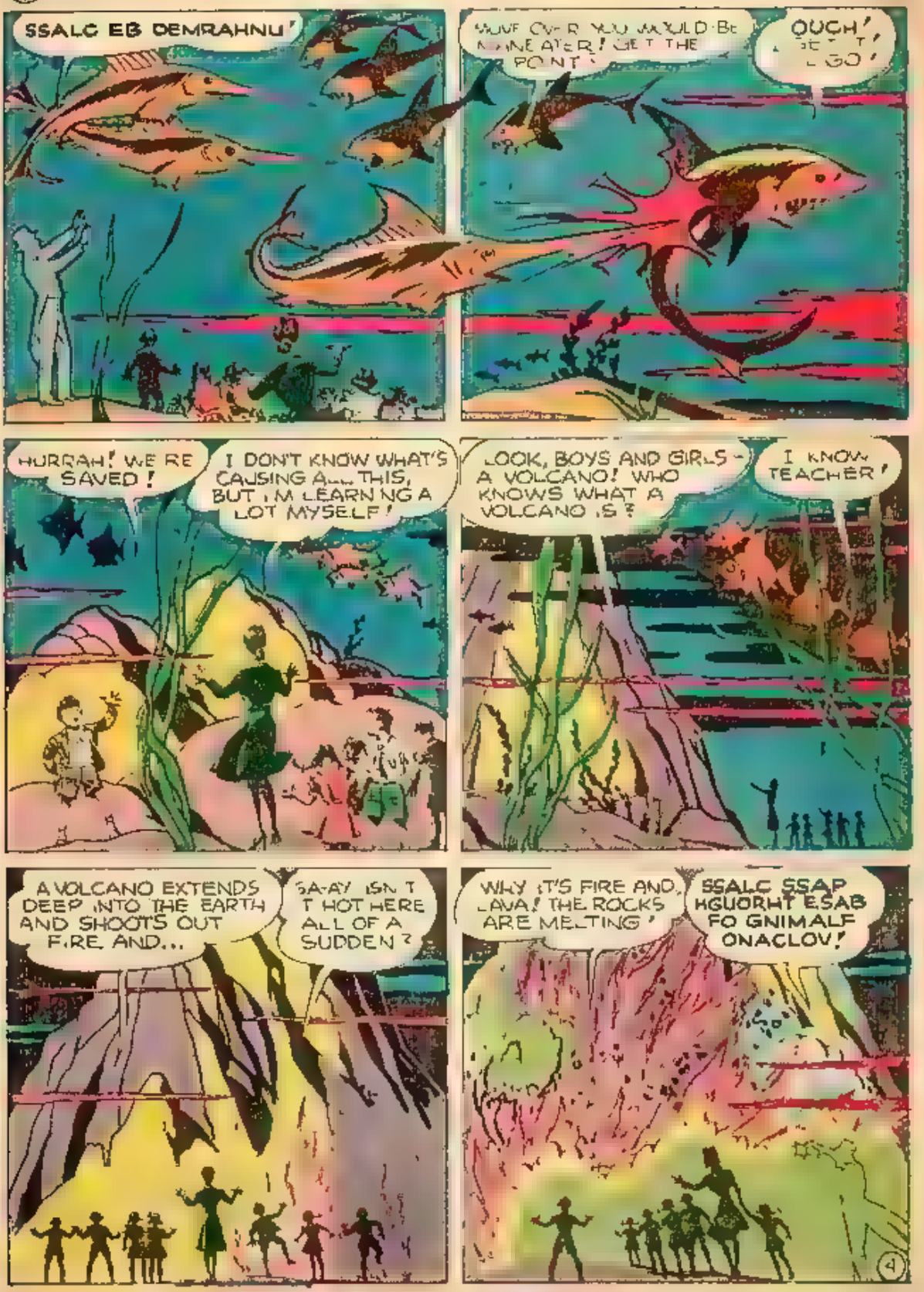
[illegible] "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?" MINNESOTA'S FAMOUS COACH SHOWS YOU THE CHAMPION WAY TO KICK, PASS, TACKLE, BLOCK, RUN--GIVES YOU MANY OF THE SAME TIPS [illegible] SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR FULL INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET BERNIE BIERMAN'S [illegible]

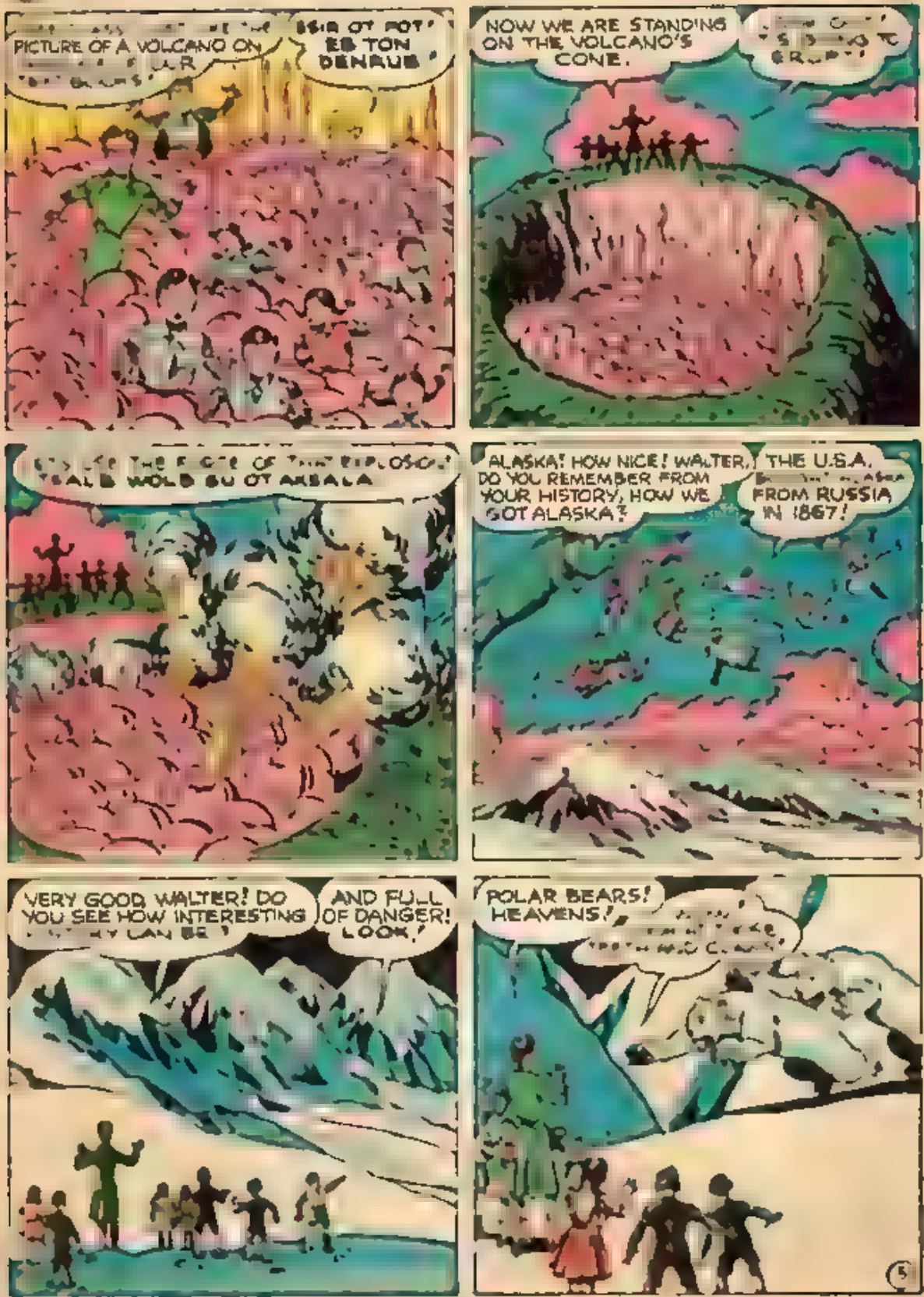
are reg. trade mark of
General Mills, Inc.

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
"SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS!"
COME TO LUNCH WITH US AGAIN ZATARA! YOU'RE
TRICK


...AND THEN
WALTER!
YROTSIH NOOB EMOCEB LAER NOITCA'NCTAW YROTSIH NEPPAH!
IN AMERICA! THEY
SCALPS!
WE ARE
BRACED!

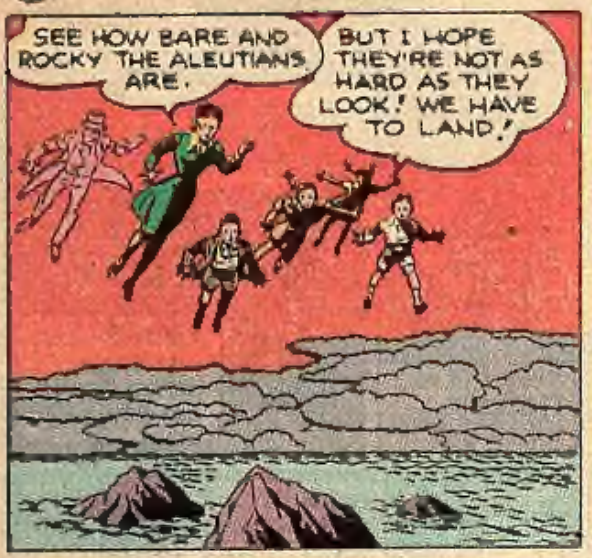
I AM MASSASOIT—YOUR CHIEF. WHAT MEA THIS WAR WITH WHITE BROTHERS? WISDOM CALLS FOR
WE OBEY, WISE CHIEF MASSASOIT! WE SIGN PEACE TREATY!
'TIS INDEED A HAPPY DAY, TH S APR. 5TH OF 1632!
WELL, I NEVER! I MUST HAVE BEEN SEEING THINGS FOR A MINUTE
ATTENTION, CLASS! WE'LL PASS ON TO THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON... THE
SDROW EMOC EVLA AES EB NEES'
PACIFIC
WHEES'
WE'RE UNDER THE OCEAN NOW!
LOOK! THERE'S
SHARKS'


SSALC EB DEMRAHNU!
OUCH!
HURRAH! WE RE SAVED!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S CAUSING A... THIS, BUT I'M LEARNING A LOT MYSELF!
LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS - A VOLCANO! WHO KNOWS WHAT A VOLCANO IS?
I KNOW TEACHER!
A VOLCANO EXTENDS DEEP INTO THE EARTH AND SHOOTS OUT FIRE AND...
SA-AY ISN'T IT HOT HERE ALL OF A SUDDEN?
WHY IT'S FIRE AND LAVA! THE ROCKS ARE MELTING!
SSALC SSAP HGUORHT ESAB FO GNIMALF ONACLOV!

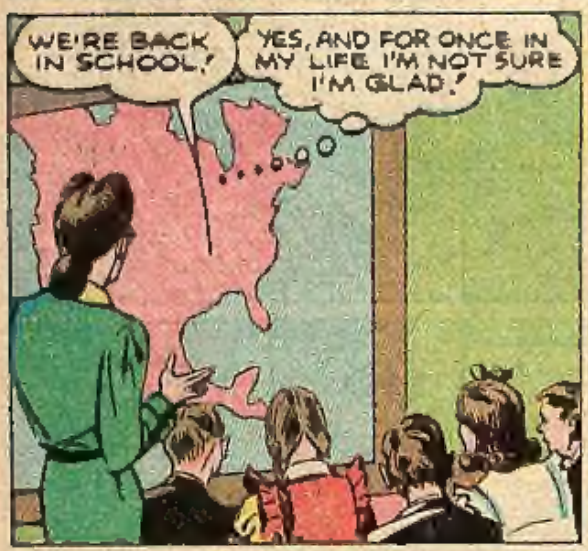

PICTURE OF A VOLCANO ON
NOW WE ARE STANDING ON THE VOLCANO'S CONE.
ALASKA! HOW NICE! WALTER, DO YOU REMEMBER FROM YOUR HISTORY, HOW WE GOT ALASKA?
THE U.S.A. FROM RUSSIA IN 1867!
VERY GOOD, WALTER! DO YOU SEE HOW INTERESTING
AND FULL OF DANGER! LOOK!
POLAR BEARS! HEAVENS!
5

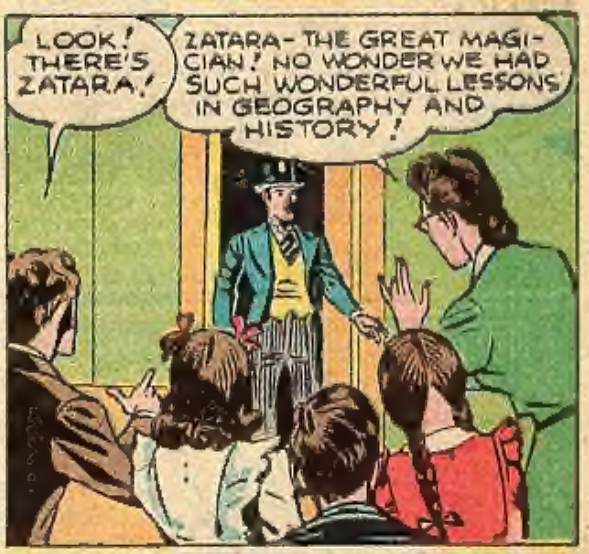
HELP! THEY'RE AFTER US.
HMMM... THERE'S A HARMONICA IN WALTER'S POCKET...
RETLAW YALP ACINOMRAH! MRAHC SRAEB!
I SHOULD BE RUNNING! BUT SOMETHING MAKES ME PLAY A TUNE INSTEAD!
LOOK! THEY'RE DANCING!
OH DEAR, ONLY YESTERDAY I SCOLDED WALTER FOR HAVING A HARMONICA IN CLASS! AND NOW IT'S SAVED US!
MAYBE THEY ESCAPED FROM A CIRCUS, THEY ACT SO TAME!
BUT THEY LOOK SO FIERCE!
HEY! NOW THE GROUND'S TREMBLING!
YES, ON THE SNOW-PACKED SLOPES OF ALASKA'S MOUNTAINS THERE IS CONSTANT DANGER OF...

AVALANCHES!
BUT THE SNOW CAN BE A FRIEND, TOO! JUST WATCH!
WONS NEM! DLIUB A EFAS EDILS!
YES, ZATARA! WE'LL MAKE IT SMOOTH AS ICE!
HERE COMES YOUR CLASS, ZATARA! OUR SNOW IS SOFT! IT WON'T HURT.
WE OBEY YOUR COMMANDS, O ZATARA!
IT'S LIKE A HUGE ROLLER-COASTER!
WHEE! I HAVEN'T HAD FUN LIKE THIS SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL
SAY! I'LL BET THOSE ARE THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS DOWN THERE!
GOOD FOR YOU, WALTER. YOU'RE TURNING INTO MY BEST PUPIL.
7


SEE HOW BARE AND ROCKY THE ALEUTIANS ARE.
BUT I HOPE THEY'RE NOT AS HARD AS THEY LOOK! WE HAVE TO LAND!

SSALC LLAF YLTNEG KCAB OT MOORLOOHCS!


WE'RE BACK IN SCHOOL!
YES, AND FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE I'M NOT SURE I'M GLAD!


LOOK! THERE'S ZATARA!
ZATARA - THE GREAT MAGICIAN! NO WONDER WE HAD SUCH WONDERFUL LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY!

GEE, MISS JONES, I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY MY BOOKS FROM NOW ON.
NONE OF US WILL EVER FORGET TODAY'S LESSONS!

THANK YOU, ZATARA! HEREAFTER I'M GOING TO TRY TO MAKE MY LESSONS AS VIVID AND INTERESTING AS THE ONE WE JUST HAD!
I'M SURE YOU WILL!
THE END

HOW THOM McAN RESCUED THE DOOMED LINER

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

GRIM TRAGEDY STALKS THE STEAMSHIP "OCEAN QUEEN" AS—JAMMED WITH PASSENGERS—IT STEAMS THROUGH DENSE FOG...
YOU SAID "MAINTAIN SPEED," CAPTAIN! WHAT ABOUT ICEBERGS?
THERE ARE NONE. WE'RE TOO FAR SOUTH. I... MY HEAVENS!.. WHAT'S THAT?
BUT THE CAPTAIN SPOKE TOO SOON. A STRANGE OCEAN CURRENT HAS CARRIED FROZEN DANGER INTO THE SHIP'S PATH.
HARD A-PORT! REVERSE ENGINES! MAN THE LIFEBOATS!
IT'S TOO LATE, CAPTAIN! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
AS PANIC SWEEPS THE "OCEAN QUEEN"...
COME ON, THOM, LET'S RUN TO THE LIFEBOATS!
NOT ME! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO! QUICK, "H"... MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES!"
HERE GOES! JUST WATCH ME BURN A PATH THROUGH IT!
WHOOOSH
THE FLAMING EXHAUST FROM THOM'S MAGIC SHOES MELTS THE ICE AND OPENS A CLEAR CHANNEL THROUGH THE ICEBERG...
BA-ZOO-OOKA! THE SHIP'S SAFE!
THE "OCEAN QUEEN" STEAMS SAFELY THROUGH THE PATH CUT INTO THE ICEBERG. THOM HAS SAVED THE SHIP!
HOORAY FOR THOM McAN!
THE CREDIT ALL GOES TO MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES." BUT MY EVERYDAY THOM McAN SHOES ARE PRETTY WONDERFUL, TOO!
WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN ... ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!)

Boys! Make Sure YOUR Shoes Are THOM McANS!

THOM McAN SHOES feel swell—take lots of punishment. Snappy styles. Priced low! Look at model shown here—sturdy, "grown-up" looking, comfortable. Keen styles for men too. Take Dad along—when you buy your next THOM McANS!

THE THOM McAN X24

Sizes 1 to 3½ Similar Shoe for Men—Style 3670—Sizes 6 to 11.

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES